ENTERPRISE '19

- Peaches

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Commencement Exercises

PETALUMA HIGH SCHOOL

June 19, 1919, 8:30 o'clock

PROGRAM

The Enterprise

1919

Petaluma High School

Petaluma - California



Commencement Exercises

PETALUMA HIGH SCHOOL

June 19, 1919, 8:30 o'clock

PROGRAM

---

1. Overture ..... Newburgh's Orchestra
2. March ..... Entrance of the Graduating Class
3. Invocation ..... Rev. F. F. Farrington
4. Address ..... "Americanization"
   Pearle Leonard
5. Songs: (a) "A May Morning" ..... Denza
   (b) Mignonette ..... Weckerlin
   Gladys Kenney
6. Address ..... "Carry On"
   Charles Wilson
7. Piano Solos: (a) "Romance" .....Tschaikowsky
   (b) "Grillen ..... Schumann
   Catherine Nielsen
8. Address ..... E. Morris Cox
   Asst. Supt. Oakland Schools
9. Orchestra
10. Presentation of Diplomas to Class
    Mr. Philip Sweed, Pres. Board of Education
11. Class Song ..... Class of 1919
12. America ..... Audience and Orchestra
13. Orchestra

The Enterprise

1919

Petaluma High School

Petaluma - California



Graduates

EVELYN MARIE ABRAHAM
DAVID BURGESS BURBANK
ROBERTA FRANCES CARTER
AMY CHURCH
DOROTHY LOUISE CLARK
LYMAN DAVID CLARK
LAWLER ADOLPH DREES
EMIL DARRELL DREES
MARIE DOROTHY DITTMAN
EDNA LOUISE FLOHR
JESSIE FRANCES FILIPPINI
ESTHER RUTH GEKKELER
EUGENIA MARIE GIRAUD
GRACE D. GOODWIN
WALTER ROLAND HAGEDOHM
MARJORIE RUTH HASKINS
GLADYS MARGARET KENNEY
HOWARD H. KALISH
WALDEMAR BRYANT KING
DOROTHEA HILMER KRAUSS
PEARLE ELIZA LEONARD
LEILA FRANCES LOCK
EMELINE JOAN MARTIN
LEON MILLEN MASON
THELMA MARIE MASON
LUCILLE CAROLYN MEYER
*WILLIAM MENDELSON
DOROTHY JEAN MOTT
CATHERINE DOROTHY NIELSEN
DOROTHY ELLEN NORMAN
WAYNE KNOWLES PARK
ROY PENRY
RUDOLPH CARL PETERS
GRACE MATHEWS PIEPER
LEON ALFRED REYNAUD
RUBY MARIE RASMUSSEN
PHILIP RUBY
HARRIET DOROTHY SALES
JESSE DONALD SINCLAIR
HERBERT RICHARD SMITH
ESTHER MARIE HOIRUP SORENSEN
MARIE THOMAS
GLADYS FERN THOMSON
ALVIN WESLEY VAN BEBBER
CHARLES C. WILSON

Commercial

LILLIAN SYLVIA JOHNSON
GLADYS LOVE McINTIRE
MARTHA HELENA TEACH

*Graduated Dec. 13, 1918.

The Enterprise

1919

Petaluma High School

Petaluma - California



Dedication

What alchemy has turned these stars to gold?
A few short months ago in honor's name
We placed them here, while from our hearts the flame
Of homage touched their blue with pride untold.
What purer flame has burned their blue to gold?
What greater love than ours, what higher claim
Drew those who, young, high-hearted played the game,
To broader fields, new triumphs to unfold?

Their love of nobler life, their faith in right,—
By sacrifice and service made more great,—
Are blent into an alchemy so pure
That gold alone may symbolize its might.
Lo! Pride and Faith transcend our sorrow's weight
These stars shine with the Light that shall endure!

D. J. M. '19.

In Memoriam

Irving Christie Clinton Madison

Percy Mills



Drusilla Casterline

Earl Hatton Lorin Church

Ralph Young

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Faculty

BRUCE H. PAINTER—Principal.
B. S., University of California.
Physics, Biology.

MISS EDNA DEMING
B. A., University of California.
Oregon State Agricultural College.
Domestic Arts.

MISS ELIZABETH DIGGS
Mark Hopkins Art Institute.
University of California.
Drawing, Commercial Branches

MISS FANNIE GADDIS
M. A., University of California.
History.

MISS EMMA HESSE
B. S., University of California.
Mathematics.

MISS ROSE PFUND
B. A., University of California.
University of Berne.
Spanish, French, Physical Culture.

MISS HELEN PRUTZMAN
A. B., University of California.
Copwell Polytechnic College.
English, Music.

MISS LYLE MERRITT
A. B., University of California.
Latin, Commercial Branches.

MISS GLADYS PILKINGTON
B. L., University of California.
English.

THOLOW BINKLEY
A. B., Stanford University.
Manual Training, Physical Culture.

ALVAH B. WAY
Ph. B., A. M., Ottawa University
A. B., Stanford University.
Graduate Business Department O. U., Heald's Business College.
Commercial Branches.

MISS EMMA DANIEL
B. S., University of California.
Medical Student in University of California.
College of Medicine.
Science.

Graduates

EVELYN MARIE ABRAHAM
DAVID BURGESS BURBANK
ROBERTA FRANCES CARTER
AMY CHURCH
DOROTHY LOUISE CLARK
LYMAN DAVID CLARK
LAWLER ADOLPH DREES
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HOWARD H. KALISH
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PHILIP RUBY
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JESSE DONALD SINCLAIR
HERBERT RICHARD SMITH
ESTHER MARIE HOIRUP SORENSEN
MARIE THOMAS
GLADYS FERN THOMSON
ALVIN WESLEY VAN BEBBER
CHARLES C. WILSON

Commercial

LILLIAN SYLVIA JOHNSON
GLADYS LOVE McINTIRE
MARTHA HELENA TEACH



Class Colors

Pink and White

Motto

Let's go where we're going --Pershing.

Class Flower

Pink Carnation


Leon A. Reynaud
Esther Gehrke
Amy Chesel
P. H. S.
Herbert Smith
Lyman Clark
Dorothy Soles


Howard H. Kalish Jr.
Marjorie R. Hawkins
Lodge M. Kenney
Wayne Knowles Park
Dorothy Jean Mott
Dorothy Sinclair
Ruby M. Rasmussen


Gladys Thomson
Jessie Filippini
Roy Perry
Alvin Van Bebber
Waldemar King
Evelyn Abraham
Pearle Leonard


Charles Cleveland
Marie Thomas
Gladys L. McIntire
EUGENIA O'RAUD
Emeline Martin
Dorothy Clark
Philip Ruby


Walter Hagedohm
Martha W. Peach
Esther M. H. Lorentsen
Catherine Nelson.
Marie Dittman
Roberta Carter
Darnell Drees.


Lucille Meyer
William Mendelson
Grace Bieler
Rudolph Peters
Grace Goodwin
Leon Mason
Dorothy Norman


DAVID BURBANK
EDNA FLOYD
DOROTHEA KRUESS
LEILA LOCK
LILLIAN JOHNSON
THELMA MASON
LAWLER DREES



TOP—Kalish, Teach, Haskins, Parks, Dickson, Mott.
CENTER—Smith, Norman, Leonard, Filippini (Ed.), Wilson
BOTTOM—Horn, Chase, Kenney, Clark
FRONT—Penry (Mgr.), Keyes, Gossage.

THE ENTERPRISE

Published Annually by the Student Body of the Petaluma High School

VOLUME XIX PETALUMA, CALIF. NUMBER 48

The Staff

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Chas. Wilson ..... Assistant Editor
Roy Penry ..... Manager
Wayne Park ..... Assistant Manager
Miss Hesse ..... Critic
Dorothy Mott ..... Literary Editor
Anna Keyes ..... Honor Roll
Lyman Clark ..... Ye Morning Squawk
Herbert Smith ..... Spoofing
Herbert Horn ..... Athletics
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Martha Teach ..... Commercial
Pearle Leonard ..... Exchanges
William Gossage, Evelyn Chase ..... Snapshots
Marjorie Dickson, Dorothy Norman, Howard Kalish, Marjorie Haskins, Darrell Drees, Roy Penry ..... Art Staff

EDITORIALS

THE great war is over! The first "after the war" edition of the Enterprise is here. We are proud of having been able to put out a good paper under adverse conditions.

We are also immensely proud of having done our bit toward winning the war by cutting down expenses on this edition. We will admit it was no fun to do it, but we succeeded, and now the money saved is in Liberty Bonds.

Even though the great conflict is over, we should keep on saving. We must not think, "The war is over now; we can spend all we want." This is not the case. Right now, if ever, we are in need of many, many things, not only here at home, but also across the broad seas. We must still save for those more in need than we are. Because of this, the Enterprise Staff has done its best to keep expenses low, but still have the same "good old Enterprise."

While reading this issue, please remember that each page without a cut means the saving of a few dollars for some friend in need.

Also, we sincerely thank all those who so kindly and willingly helped in making this issue of the Enterprise a success. They are: The Argus for the publishing; Commercial Art Company, for the cuts; Staff, for all department work; Student Body, for its helpful co-operation; Miss Hesse, for her valuable advice and suggestions; Mr. Way, Miss Diggs, Miss Merritt and typing classes, for all typing done; and last but not least, the advertisers who willingly helped us with their ads.



Human Reconstruction

THE war has come to an end, but has left us face to face with many difficult problems. One of the greatest of these is the problem of human reconstruction. It may seem to be of minor importance, but think! Our future generations are depending upon the present. We have crippled, maimed, helpless boys and men coming home to us. Many are nervous wrecks, having been either shelled or gassed. Something must be done for them! And quickly! Otherwise, we have a crippled and decrepit future ahead of us.

There are many hospitals and institutions now in existence, not only here but in Europe, where the war-crippled boys are brought back as nearly to their former normal selves as possible.

The boys who have been gassed or have had shell shock are extremely nervous. They are given different kinds of work to occupy their hands and minds, so that they forget themselves and their troubles. Basket weaving is the best known and most popular of these occupations.

The boys who have lost an arm or leg are given artificial ones and trained in the use of these new members.

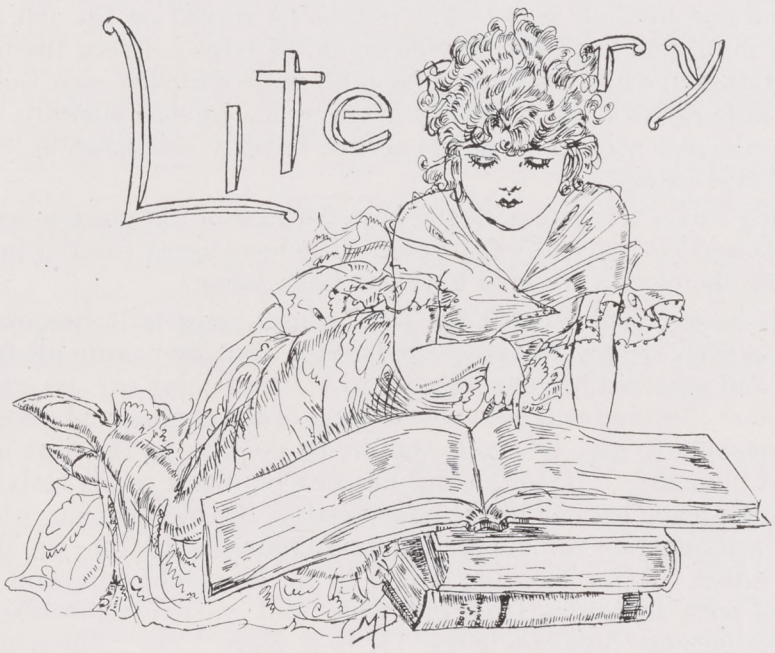
Those who have stiff muscles and joints are given a special massage treatment till the particular parts are limbered up.

As all these different cases improve, they are given light physical exercises in the form of games, at first. Gradually, as they become stronger, the exercise becomes more vigorous until they are ready to step out into the world once more.

Many of the boys are at a complete loss as to what they shall do when they are out in the world again, because of their misfortunes—the loss of fingers, a hand or leg. The work shops of these hospitals and institutions are the place where these boys discover their talents, probably dormant up to this time. They find out, perhaps, that they are gifted in some new line of work, manual or clerical, as the case may be. They specialize in this one branch and when they leave, they feel very much at home out in the big world again.

This is the great work which has to be done. Our boys feel out of place when they return. It is for us to do our best in putting them back upon the same basis as that upon which they stood when they left us,—in a hale and hearty condition, physically and mentally.

JESSIE FILIPPINI, '19. Ed.


Literary

TICKETS FOR POTSDAM

(*Prize Story*)

THERE were three things in the life of Private Timothy O'Ryan, U. S. A. A. S., which made it worth the living in his estimation. His passion was music, his pride was his "flivver" and his love was Mary Donohue of New York.

Timothy enlisted with the ambulance men because that was the quickest means of getting to where there was War, and Timothy had a burning desire to see War. Six weeks after he enlisted he did see War, and his desire to get back home was equally burning. But his name was O'Ryan and his hair was bright red, so he stayed on the job and night after night and day after day he made the trips between the field dressing station and the temporary hospital with wounded men, sometimes in comparative quiet and very often under intense shellfire, for Timothy's division was on an active sector, bitterly contested by German and Allied forces.

Timothy was a favorite with the boys because of his unquenchable good spirits and his unusually fine voice. The boys never tired of hearing him sing the old favorites in his clear Irish tenor.

The division called him "Tiny Tim" which, especially because it fitted him so well, deeply wounded his vanity. But they were all fond of the lad and admired his faithfulness to his particular car, on which he spent hours, cleaning and oiling every part of the engine, and arranging the stretchers to give as much comfort as possible to the next load of tortured humanity. When he had finished his work to his satisfaction, he would leave his car in the courtyard of the old chateau, which served as headquarters for his section, and enter the kitchen, the only room left intact. After securing a bite to eat he would entertain his companions with selections from his wide and varied repertoire of music. The general favorites were "K-K-K-Katy" the "Barcarole" from Hoffman, and a ditty which Tiny Tim, himself had originated, and in which the others joined lustly. The words had occured to Tim one night when he was purposely keeping his mind off his unpleasant surroundings.

"Our beauty aint surprisin;
Nor the looks of our machines;
And we get no advertisin'
Like the doughboys and marines.
We could ride our buckin fivvers
Clear to H.... and back, I guess,
So get tickets here for Potsdam, with the
U. S. A. A. S.!"

On the night of July 18th a hurry call for cars came with the word that the foe was falling back steadily. Timmy had just finished his song, and as he quickly made the necessary preparations for leaving he grinned and said, "May be we'd better be gettin' the tickets in a hurry, for once they start retraitin' they'll keep on slidin' for the Rhine."

Then began desperate work for all, with brief snatches of sleep when it became an absolute necessity. Tim seemed made of steel, and remained calm and even humorous through a myriad hairbreadth escapes, remarking to "Ham an' ", his companion, on one occasion when their road was being shelled and a tire went flat, that this was their "busy day."

For over three months they followed the advancing army, working ceaselessly and with ever-increasing weariness of body and of spirit. Tim never sang his ditty any more. Indeed, bigger things had thrust it from his mind, and Tim confided solemnly to Ham an' that he would cheerfully desert if he had time!

At ten o'clock on the night of November 10th, the infantry made one more advance, gaining from the Boche a strip of woods and a small river and there was work for Tim and Ham an' to do. The dressing station was moved to a point across the river near the north end of a bridge where reserves were stationed. There were no "lines" now and no trenches. It was every man for himself. The artillery was roaring on both sides. Heaven and earth seemed a chaos of deafening and terrifying sounds and the acrid smell and taste of rotten gas was beginning to penetrate gas masks.

Tim, all weariness gone, gripped the wheel and steered between shells. He saw the bridge, still standing intact, and without stopping to question, made straight for it and crossed. They found the dressing station and took on the wounded, placing them quickly and tenderly.

As the reserves, across the bridge from the fighters, saw Tim and his companion returning, they heard an ominous sound and one of them screamed above the awful din "Bridge is mined! She's going up! Run!"

They gained safety and turned, signalling frantically to the two men in the ambulance. Tim realized the situation in a flash. He had one chance in a thousand to cross the bridge before the mine exploded. If he remained it meant almost certain destruction for himself and for the men entrusted to his care.

The reserves, hardened to scenes of death, swift and horrible, saw by the light of the star shells, the little Irishmen, helmet and gas mask off, red hair blazing and on end, holding his little car straight for the doomed bridge. There was a tremendous explosion, followed by falling timbers and wreckage. The men dropped flat to avoid flying pieces

and when all was over they found in their midst a Ford ambulance, the fore part smashed in by a heavy beam, and beside it a red-headed son of O'Ryan, emitting a flow of language surpassing in eloquence that of a Texas mule-driver in his most exalted moments.

Blood was flowing freely from an ugly cut extending from his shoulder to his elbow. Ham an' was scared stiff but unhurt. One of the reserves attempted to render first-aid to Tim's injured member, and was thrust aside by the little Irishman who was waxing hot in expression of his opinion of the Teutonic race. He cursed the entire German army, collectively and individually with a completeness that was scientific, and without a repitition, stopping only when his breath gave out. They called his attention to his arm.

"Arm be blankety-blank *blanked!*" he exploded. "See whut them blankety-blankety-blanks done to me little car!"

Tim would have no attention until the wounded Yanks in his car had been transferred to another machine from the division. He, himself was at last forcibly separated from his pride and joy, and taken to the temporary hospital.

Twelve hours later the guns were silenced forever. A strange, oppressive stillness lay over the land, for months enveloped in the smoke and big guns.

Tim lay in a comfortable bed for the first time in many months, fingering the Distinguished Service Cross pinned on his breast that hour by the Big Leader, adored by the while division.

Tiny Tim looked down at his arm and a twinge of agony went through him as he attempted to lift it. His grin lurking ever near the surface, illumined his face as he said,

"Shure ye aint much to look at now, but I guess ye'll still go around Mary Donohue when we get back home to little Ould New York!"

'Not much to look at'—a faint sense of familiarity seemed to accompany the words. Of a sudden Tiny Tim laughed aloud and the other men in the ward were startled to hear a sweet boyish voice singing

"Our beauty aint surprisin',
Nor the looks of our machines;
And we get no advertisin'
Like the doughboys and marines.
But we've rode our buckin' flivvers
Clear to H.... and back, I guess;
So get tickets, here, for Potsdam, with the
U. S. A. A. S!"

DOROTHY MOTT, '19.

THE TALE OF THE SPANISH "FLU"

(*Junior Prize*)

INTRODUCTION

Should you ask me whence this story,
Whence these thoughts and speculations,
Whence this tale of Flu's relations,
Whence this tale of Flu's privations,
Smells of Dobell's gargulations,
With the masks of unbelievers;
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the farms and from the ranches,
From the homes of many people,
From the Board of Education,
From the scholars and their parents
Comes this tale that I will tell you.

——*THE "FLU'S" INCUBATION*——

By the shores of our great river,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Near the creek called Petaluma,
Stood the wigwam of our High School,
Stood the thick walls of our High School,
Daughter of the white and purple.
Thick behind it rose the fragrance
(Just behind the track and diamond)
Of the herds of goats and kiddies,
Of the herds of Bills and Nannies.
Right before it cut the ploughshare
Turning up the sods and furrows,
Filling all the place with promise
Of the beauty of the roses,
Of the glory of the dahlias,
Of our sweeping lawns and pathways.
Right before it stood our chieftain,
Mightiest of the tribe of Painter,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him.
Then he called aloud to Sunde,
To his friend, the strong man Sunde,
Saying, "Help me clear this school yard
Of these maskless youths and maidens."

——"FLU'S" MATURITY——

Downward thro' the evening twilight,
In the unremembered ages,
In the days that are forgotten
Sank the thoughts of each poor person
Who with Flu germs had been stricken.
For the patient, isolated;
In his house and in his bedroom,
Far from haunts of friends and school mates,
Led a life of pain and anguish,
Groaned aloud with back and headache,
Said, "A dog's life is not in it."
Seven long days and nights he languished,
Till at last the "Flu" germ, wearied,
Loosed its hold upon its victim
And swept westward, making trouble.
So the little Flu germ, busy,
Learned of every home its people,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they dressed themselves in summer,
How they battled Flu all winter.

——BEGINNING OF THE END——

By the shores of Gitchee Gooey,
By the muddy Big-Sea-Water
At the doorway of his homestead,
In the pleasant winter morning
The Flu patient stood and waited,
All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him in the sunshine
Stood the Doctor with his hammer,
Taking down the "Flu" sign gloomy.
Westward by the bright henhouses
Passed in deadly swarms the flu germs,
Picking, cackling in the sunshine.
Bright above him shone the heavens.
From the brow of the Flu patient
Gone was every trace of sorrow
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow,
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
Sailed he forth for visitation,
Bade farewell to masks and Flu pains.

——*FAREWELL, FOREVER*——

So away went little Flu germ,
Seeking vales and homes more fertile,
And the people from their houses
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
So the Flu germ was outwitted,
Scared by tons of drugs and serums;
So it sank into the vapors,
Sinking in the purple distance.
And they said, 'Farewell, forever.''
Said, ''Farewell, O mighty Flu germ!''
And the house, bright and lovely,
Moved thro' all their lath and plaster,
Creaked, ''Farewell, O ghastly Flu germ.''
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Gargled, ''Farewell, beastly Flu germ.''
And the hen, the Shuh-Shuh-Shuh-gah
From her haunts within the hen house
Cackled, ''Farewell, deadly Flu germ.''
Thus departed Influenza,
Influenza, the detested.

EARL GRAY, '20.



THE GHOST OF EAGLE CANYON

(*Sophomore Prize*)

THE afteroon spring sunshine was smiling down on the little town of Coyote Creek. The rough board shacks that lined the dusty street lay quiet with no sign of life save the figure of the three cowboys and a lad of seventeen. The cowmen were perched on the railing in front of the village store, while the boy sat on the top step and listened to the conversation. It was nearing stage time, the only eventful thing that ever happened in the sleepy little town.

Suddenly from the direction of the distant mountains came a faint rumbling. The cowboys listened aghast until the last sound had died away. When all was quiet one of the men spoke in an awed voice, "I tell you, Bill, that thar Eagle Canon is sure 'nuf haunted. Yesterday I wuz over that way looking fer strays an' as I wuz riding 'long the edge the awfulest roarin' sound came down the gorge. It kep' gittin' louder an' louder 'till the ground almost shook. Then it died down jest like it did one time last spring when I wuz over thar. I cut loose an' dug out o' thar. Ketch me stayin' 'round the supernateral." "Yes sir, replied the one addressed as Bill, "First year I come here I worked fer the Bar S Ranch down by Mud Spring. One night five steers got loose an' beat it. Next mornin' me an' Injun Joe follered their tracks to the break in the canon wall. Joe, he fetched up sudden an' says, 'No go up canyon; heap bad place.' I, bein' new to the country, sez, 'Aw come on, we gotter find them steers, there's nothin' wrong with this here gorge.' 'Bout half a mile up the trail, Joe, who wuz taggin' 'long behind, yells excited like, 'Listen, spirit com!' Away up the canon I could hear a rumblin' noise. It kep' gittin' nearer 'till the ground began to tremble. Then I lit out an' caught up to Joe 'bout two miles from the ranch house. He wuz all excited an' sez, 'Medicine man, he die in canon. Spirits keep everybody away from grave. Man git caught in there, spirits kill um.' After that noise an' Joe's story I never went near the place. Month later old Hank Robey stayed thar over night. Next day they found him under a rock that had fell off the canon wall. Injun Joe, he said the spirits done it an' I reckon he hit it right."

At this point the talk was dropped for the stage rumbled into view around a bend of the Willow-fringed creek. Slowly the vehicle rolled up the street and came to a creaking halt before the post office. Almost before it stopped, the only occupant, who was a boy, Dick Prescott by name, leaped to the ground and rushed to meet his chum, Frank Hayes, who came running from the steps of the store. After exchanging greetings the two walked to the rear of the stage where a beautiful black horse stood pawing the ground.

"Well," exclaimed Frank. "He is a beauty and sure stood the trip nicely." "Yes, I had no trouble with him at all," replied Dick, as he proceeded to saddle up. When this work was finished he untied the fine animal and galloped down to join Frank, who was coming from the store with some packages. These he carried around the corner to his own pony which was tied to a post. When the bundles were securely fastened behind his saddle, he mounted and rode toward the street. As Frank rounded the edge of the village they found the well-worn trail that led to Frank's home. All about them stretched the boundless prairie with clumps of sagebrush scattered here and there. A herd of cattle was moving slowly along, the shouts of the drivers being carried to the boys by the slight breeze. To the west lay a range of mountains outlined against the setting sun.

As the boys rode along, Frank unfolded a plan for their vacation. While at the store he had been set thinking by the tales of the haunted canyon. Now he proposed that they try and unravel the mystery of the gorge. Dick enthusiastically agreed and it was settled that the start be made the next morning. When the boys arrived at Frank's home the horses were unsaddled and the chums approached the mess shack where the Chinese cook was busily engaged in getting supper. As the two entered the room the cook looked up with a grin, "Howdy Mista' Flank, you catchee my pipe at store?" "Yes, here it is," replied Frank, as he produced a package from his pocket. "Sing, this is my chum, Dick Prescott, from the East." Howdy Mista' Dick," was the answer of the cook as he turned his attention to his pots and pans.

The boys proceeded to Frank's room to make up the packs that they wished to take with them on their journey. Frank's past experience on the range enabled him to select only necessities and thus make their burden lighter. Just as the packing was completed Sing began to beat on a pan with a spoon. "Supper ready," whooped Frank, "Come on I'm hungry. Rush or we'll be late." When the boys entered the long dining room the cowboys were already seated and busily engaged in disposing of the food set before them. After the chums had satisfied their appetites they went out on the porch where the cowpunchers had assembled. Here the boys spent the early part of the evening in listening to the jokes and talk of the men. However Frank and Dick turned in about nine o'clock to be ready for an early start next day.

At six o'clock next morning they set out across the prairie in the light of the rising sun. The golden rays of dawn tinged the sagebrush about them and glistened on the snow-capped mountain toward which the riders were traveling. The morning passed quickly, each hour bringing them nearer to the object of their search. At noon Dick and Frank stopped beside a tiny spring which trickled forth from beneath a rock. Here lunch was eaten and then the journey was resumed.

At dusk the boys made camp in a clump of sagebrush near the mouth of the haunted canyon. A fire was lighted and soon the aroma of coffee and bacon filled the air. While Frank prepared the meal Dick picketed the horse and arranged the two piles of blankets close to the fire. At this point Frank announced supper by banging on a kettle.

After the meal the two sat beside the fire and talked. The night was clear, although a slight breeze rustled the leaves of the trees that grew where the prairie rose abruptly into the hills. Overhead the stars shone brightly, while away out on the plain a coyote howled. "My, but it's fine to be here," exclaimed Dick. "Listen," cried Frank, "The ghost is walking!" From far up the gorge came a faint rumbling which grew louder and louder until the very earth under them seemed to shake. Then the strange roar died away only to rise again shortly. When the echoes of the last outbreak had died away Dick spoke. "Gee Whiz," the old medicine man is sure on a tear to-night." He shivered, though the air was far from cold. Even Frank was awed, for never before had he been so close to the haunted chasm.

* * * * * * *

Dick sat up with a start. How long he had been asleep he did not know. The fire had died out, but in the dim starlight he could see Frank sitting up and listening. From far out on the plain came a pounding of hoofs. Soon the boys could see a dark mass of running horses, with here and there a rider, outlined against the horizon.

The animals were turned into the canyon and were soon out of earshot. "What do you make of it?" asked Dick when all was quiet. "Rustlers," answered Frank, "They have been raiding some ranch around here." I wonder if the rustlers, knowing that no one comes near here, hide their stolen animals in the canyon and when they get quite a bunch drive them into Mexico?" asked Dick. "I guess you've hit the nail on the head," answered Frank. "We may run across this same gang in our travels."

The boys were astir early and after a hasty breakfast set out up the canyon. It was slow work riding up the rough trail for brush and rocks covered the floor of the chasm. No stop was made at noon, for the boys wished to get as far as possible before dark. Once during the afternoon they saw a wildcat flash off a boulder where it had been lying in the sun. The animal disappeared however, before either of the boys could shoot. By evening the explorers were far up the gorge at the foot of a steep bank which the horses could not climb. Camp was made in a bunch of trees and a fire lighted between two rocks. The horses were picketed and the saddles concealed, for the ghost hunters intended to go on foot. As Frank was putting away his frying pan he said, "What do you say if we climb up this cliff and take a slant at how the trail looks above here at night." "Them's my sentiments," answered

Dick as he picked up his rifle. Together they started up the bluff following a narrow trail. "I wonder where the rustlers went?" asked Dick as they reached the top. "They must have gone into that branch gorge, down near the mouth of the canyon," replied Frank. For a while they stumbled on in silence. Then came an agonized yell from Dick. "Hi! Frank! Come here and get me out of this mess. I've landed in a blackberry thicket head on. Gee, these thorns are about a foot long and have bark on them sure." With many twistings and turnings Frank got his friend into an upright position. "I'd like to see you now," laughed Frank, "I'll bet you're one pretty sight." "Frank," said Dick sorrowfully as he felt of his scratches, "I know now exactly what the inside of a pincushion feels like, I — Gosh Frank, there it goes again right above here." The roaring now enveloped them in a volume of sound which fairly shook the earth.

In the interval of silence that followed the outbreak, Frank spoke, "Something tells me that if we climb this next little bluff we ought to find the ghost." "Come on," was Dick's only answer.

The roaring continued to rise and fall at almost regular intervals as the explorers ascended the bluff. Directly before them, as they reached the top, was a dark opening from which the noise seemed to come. Frank lighted a match and by its fitful glare obtained a piece of wood which he turned into a torch. Several more sticks were gathered to be used as they were needed.

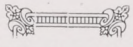
Frank, followed by Dick with his rifle advanced to the month of the cave. Once inside the opening, conversation became impossible on account of the noise that had now grown to a steady roar, which seemed to come from the depths of the earth. The cave turned abruptly to the left a short distance from the entrance. Rounding the corner the ghost hunters stopped quickly for there in the light of Frank's torch was the spirit. There in that dark cavern high up in the mountains was the mystery that had so long terrified the cowboys and Indians. From a great opening in the upper side of the canyon wall poured a torrent of water, rocks and tree trunks which crashed into the black void below with a noise like thunder.

"Gee!" shouted Dick. "An underground river." Frank took in the scene at a glance. "Cloudbursts in the mountains," he yelled in Dick's ear, "Freshets bring down rocks and water which falls in here. That's what makes the noise." As he uttered these words he lighted a second torch and tossed it into the pit. Together they watched it fall. Down, down it dropped until it struck on a rock and stopped. By its light they could see huge logs floating round and slowly being ground to kindling by the falling rocks. It was this noise that caused the superstitious plainspeople to believe the canyon haunted.

Suddenly Frank grasped Dick's arm. "Look," he shouted. Dick looked and gasped. The swirling water was tearing at the lower end of the hollow. Great chunks of the sandstone rock were being torn away. The torch on the rock below began to sputter and with a last flicker went out. "Back to the horses," yelled Frank, for he had seen enough. Together the boys rushed pell-mell out of the cave and down the cliff. As they passed, the rock wall could be felt trembling with the pressure of the water. Too well the chums knew what would happen if they were caught in the chasm when the barrier gave way. Nothing could save them. The flood of water filled with logs and brush would fill the canyon and drown them like rats. Frank had sensed this danger and knew that the first break in the steep sides of the gorge was far below. For this reason he set as fast a pace as he dared. Stumbling and falling they dashed on. Hats gone, clothes torn, battered and bruised they reached the horses. Flinging on the saddles they gave the animals their heads and rode off down the canyon. The sure-footed creatures wound in and out among the boulders, slowly nearing the branch gorge and safety.

Just as day was breaking a terrible crash rose above the steady rumble of the underground river. "The rock's given way!" shouted Frank, who was leading. "We've got to make the first branch gorge before the flood arrives." On they pushed, urging their tired ponies to renewed efforts. Behind, the roar of the flood grew louder, still no means of escape could be found. Just as Frank gave up hope of getting out alive, the chasm that led to safety came into view. A moment later they were in a little ravine. A rough trail led up the bank and just as the boys gained the top the flood poured by. The muddy water was filled with logs and brush. "Whew," exclaimed Dick. "We were mighty lucky to get out of there alive. We wouldn't have had a chance in that mess." "Well Dick," said Frank as they turned to ride home. "We've laid the Ghost of Eagle Canyon and I guess that's enough excitement for awhile."

ANDREW DONOUGH, '22.



MAKING UP LOST TIME

(Freshman Prize)

"YOU'RE ten minutes late and you'll have to be in Schurz by eight, so the Express can leave on time. Here are your orders."

The station agent, who was a good sort of fellow, and who had the name of being happy-go-lucky, passed the orders to the engineer. This engineer had been over that same line for the last ten years, and was one of the steadiest men on the line. They called him "Careful Jim." In all his service there had never been an accident brought against him.

On this particular night the wind and snow combined to form a blizzard such as is found nowhere else, except in the mountainous region of Nevada during the winter months. The fast falling snow was piling up on the rails, making it difficult, even with powerful lights, to see obstructions on the track. It wasn't the kind of night for fast running, especially on the old mountain road, where there were bad turns and slippery rails. In such a snow storm all danger signals could be overlooked easily.

No wonder, then, that "Careful Jim" was disturbed in mind. His orders compelled him to take a desperate chance, which he thought was needless. Jim sat staring at the orders from his superintendent and wondering if this man, who was intrusted with the interests of the company, realized the significance of his message, which read: "Make Schruz by eight at any cost." He turned to the station agent and said fiercely: "The old fire-eater hasn't been working all day, and besides the load is too heavy for one engine on this grade. Suppose, though, I'll have to do it by eight or lose my job. It's bad business, I tell you, but orders are orders."

The station agent merely shrugged his shoulders and went back to his office, where he sat down by the fire for a quiet smoke. Why should he worry? He didn't give the orders; he merely delivered them. In the meantime the fireman had caught the signal from the conductor and passed it on to the engineer. No. 29 was off on time, making the trip down the grade. Jim threw off the brakes, sending the fast speeding train headlong through the darkness. The shrieks of the whistle as the train passed over a road crossing were barely heard above the whistling wind.

The engineer sat like a statue, his eyes fixed on the track before him, his hand on the air brake, ready in case of danger. Not a word was spoken between Jim and his fireman. Both had their work to perform, and even if they had wanted to talk, it is doubtful if they could have

made themselves heard. Every once in a while the engine would sway back and forth when it went around a dangerous curve. The fireman looked at his watch. They had gained five minutes, but he was too frightened to look pleased. He received his signal for more coal. He disliked to keep such a hot fire when they were coasting, but he had to obey the orders of the engineer.

The strain was terrific, causing the axles to become very hot, but he never lessened his speed. He must make Schurz by eight; those were his orders and he must obey. He signaled the fireman to keep a sharp lookout, as they were approaching the most dangerous curve on the road.

The fireman fixed his gaze on the irregular track ahead. So did Jim. The fireman breathed a sigh of relief when they passed safely around the first turn. He trembled as the great locomotive swayed, passing over the next. He never lessened his speed, for he knew there were still more curves, even more dangerous. Eight minutes had been gained. All but one of the treacherous curves had been passed. The snow had stopped falling. Everything seemed to combine to bring Jim through on his record making trip.

They had passed the last curve and were on the home stretch. Both Jim and the fireman began to breathe more easily. Suddenly amid a hissing of steam and twisting of steel No. 29 left the track, and plowed through the snow. It continued its wild dash for a hundred feet, the cars piling up into a heap of wreckage. Then it came to rest. Almost immediately the cars caught fire as if to complete the agony of the passengers, whose groans mingled with the shrieks of the wind.

"Careful Jim," with a grim smile on his face, was brought into Schurz the next morning on a stretcher.

He had obeyed orders, but it had cost him his life.

FLORENCE HERBERT, '22.

IN FLANDERS FIELD

In Flanders' fields thhe guns now rest,
No more they sound from crest to crest,
But all is peaceful—still.
While up above the larks in flight
Pour down their songs of pure delight,
Our souls with joy to fill.

Sleep on, ye dead, yet ever living!
To us new strength you e'er were giving,
Your task to "carry on;"
Your flaming torch our forces led,
On battlefields we fought and bled
'Till Victory was won!

We've kept the burning oath we swore,
Now France is free forevermore,
And Right her scepter wields.
From quiet skies God's stars now keep
Their watch o'er ye who peaceful sleep
In Flanders' fields.

PEARLE LEONARD, '19.

THE LURE OF WAIKIKI

DURING the war, the slogan "See America First" has to be observed. Thus when vacation time arrived Adele and I were obliged to change our plans, for we had expected to visit Europe, after skimping and saving for five years. I was very much disappointed.

But Adele, the ever practical, went in search of some good substitute. Daily she visited Steam-ship offices, agents and information bureaus. One evening she came home jubilant.

"Oh, Jane," she cried. "I have it. A trip to Hawaii!"

I was only mildly interested. From what I had heard, the tropics were hot and disagreeable. Yet, judging from the few songs and poems that had reached us, Hawaii was a romantic place.

After some consideration I gave my consent.

We sailed from San Francisco on a cold, foggy morning. After that the weather grew warmer — with a decided touch of the tropics. The six days' trip proved to be a most carefree and enjoyable one. The day time was occupied in playing deck games or watching the water for whales and schools of flying fish. In the evenings we invariably danced.

Pleasant as the trip had been, what a thrill went through me when land was sighted!

Such a surprise and disappointment Honolulu was! Instead of a village, as my imagination had pictured it, with gay songsters and flower-garlanded natives on the main streets, we found a thoroughly modern city.

"Oh, Adele!" was all I could utter.

"Wait, foolish girl," she rejoined. "Don't be so hasty."

The next day we spent sight-seeing, primarily for the purpose of choosing a dwelling place. I was at last satisfied. We had our choice of renting a mountain home, a cottage on Waikiki beach, or one in some lovely valley. We chose Waikiki, Adele because of the accessibility to various points of interest, and I because the dreamy beating of the surf quite enchanted me.

What a superb color scheme Waikiki presented—with the glistening white of the sand, the bright blue of the sky, in the foreground the darker blue of the ocean, sprinkled with the white foam of incoming breakers; the unrelieved brown of *Diamond Head,* and in contrast the green, feathery tops of the cocoanut palms with their brown fruit.

I was contented to sit all day with my thoughts; that is, when I wasn't in the water. For soon after our arrival, kind neighbors, with characteristic hospitality, had offered to teach us to swim. Without wishing to flatter myself, I must say that I progressed faster than Adele. Finally she gave up in disgust and continued in her sight-seeing.

The water at Waikiki is always delightfully warm. One of the greatest pleasures of tropical life is swimming by moon-light. The beauty of the ocean and the feeling of romance which comes over one is beyond all words of description.

And what a joy during the day to watch the skillful surf-riders. I have never ceased to marvel how these men are able to ride in on the crest of a wave in an upright position. The native Hawaiians accomplish this with the greater grace and seemingly never tire of the sport.

Two months of pleasure passed.

"Jane," remarked Adele one day. "Do you realize that we must leave next week to be in time for school?" I had not realized it. I had forgotten that there was such a thing as earning your living by teaching.

"Well Adele," I answered, "I am sorry to fail you, but I am not planning to return with you. I am fascinated with Waikiki. I cannot leave."

I never expected her to be disappointed. All she said was:

"Nonsense, Jane. Of course you will come back with me."

And somehow I knew that I should have to do as she said.

Adele said that we had better make the most of the remaining time. Through what a whirl-wind of sight-seeing she took me! We even made a flying trip to Kilauea. The scenery about the volcano is very beautiful. The road up the mountain led through forests of native plants and tree ferns. They were a harmony of shades in green. The red *lehua* flowers appeared like bright birds among the foliage. But what a contrast when we arrived at the dead fields of lava surrounding the volcano in a black barren waste. Adele was enthused to the highest pitch over the seething mass of red hot lava. The awfulness of this living fire-pit affected me also. While gazing at the bubbling, seething mass, I was almost ready to believe the legend of the Hawaiians concerning the fire-goddess *Pele* who dwells there.

We returned to Honolulu, to my beloved Waikiki. We had one more day and one more night to spend there. One more swim in the warm water; one more evening out under the palms, listening to the singing of the natives, and the plaintive melody of the ukuleles.

We sailed the next day at noon. The Royal Hawaiian Band was at the wharf, for it is customary to bid the departing steamer farewell. As we slipped away from the pier, the strains of *Oloha Oe* followed us across the water.

On the way out of the harbor, I saw Waikiki in the distance; beyond it stood *Diamond Head,* that mountain which has become a symbol of the beach.

"Oh, Waikiki," I cried, "I'm coming back to you soon! Good-bye—"Until we meet again."

DOROTHEA KRAUSS, '19.

STARS TURNED TO GOLD

Seven gold stars 'mid stars of blue,
Golden stars on a field of white,
Stars that tell how they died for you,
How they fought for freedom and justice and right.

Seven gold stars that gleam afar,
Golden stars that will shine for aye;
Let none their radiant laurels mar,
For they were willing the price to pay.

Seven gold stars 'mid stars of blue,
Golden stars on a field of white,
Stars that tell of a dream made true—
How they died to keep freedom's torch alight.

ANNA A. KEYES, '20.

THE DARK BEFORE THE DAWN

"LISTEN now Edna, won't you—don't you want to-to-go-aw, can I come over tonight?" One last appeal, one grand effort, and "Tiny" had blurted out his first request to a girl, his girl, and he didn't care who knew it. The whole world seemed to have a new charm, something worth living for, as he shifted awkwardly his one hundred and eighty pounds on his left foot and then on his right. Those feet looked too big; why, they were like battleships and even his hands had to be jammed into his pockets so his girl couldn't see how dirty and calloused they were. He summoned up his remaining courage, not much but all he had, and began again. His eyes grew deep and somber, his cheeks turned red and the tip of his nose was like the spring-time cherry. These were preliminaries; the next was to say what he wanted to say.

"Aw, can't I come over? Can't I, d-dea-Edna?" It was done and a deep solemn lover's sigh like that of a donkey in distress followed as a fitting prologue.

"Why of course you can, Tiny." Oh I'm so glad. You must come early and we'll go see Jane Cowl in "Love's Old Sweet Song."

The cheapest he could get to that show was fifty cents and besides he supposed he'd have to pay for his girl and that would mean a dollar. A whole week bringing in the kindling or starting the furnace in the cold early hours of morning. But what of that; love is blind and "Tiny" sure was in love from the tips of his number nine hobnailed boots to the ends of his curly brown hair.

"Alright, I-I'll come-about-about-about seven."

"That's just fine. Now be sure and don't forget," she said and loitered on toward home.

"Tiny" didn't know whether to follow her or not because he had a faint suspicion that some fellow might be waiting around the corner to walk home with her. He didn't, because he jumped in answer to a friendly wallop across his back.

"Well, if that doesn't beat me, 'Tiny's' got a girl. Haven't you huh? Hey fellows, you ought to see what 'Tiny's' doing."

"Aw, gwan, you guys;I-I-I was just -aw your crazy—gwan and lemme alone."

"Good-bye, old boy; I see your doom," moaned "Pud" who in his own heart was secretly in love with "Tiny's" girl. "It's no more foot-ball for you, no more kiddin' either; you'll turn sentimental and write poetry."

This was too much. To the tune of unrestrained guffaws the big six foot hulk of Mahlon Fairchild, alias "Tiny" rambled off down the

street. He bared his head as he hiked past Edna's house without even looking that way and finally sought relief in his own disheveled room.

How long it was 'till that fatal hour of seven. Four times he shaved his face; tied and retied his cravat and then, as did Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, he paced to and fro in the confinements of his den. Five o'clock came; he had been ready for an hour; six, and the strain was too great. He tried to stroll casually out the front door but somehow an uncontrollable pounding fluttered beneath his vest. To his little brother Theodore's remark he only flushed deeper and passed on without even noticing him. To-night he was gentle with all mankind, his heart couldn't hold all his benevolence so it just bubbled out all over.

What could he do? Only six o'clock, ah, he had an idea. He needed some training. He would walk around and around the block. Once, twice, three times he made the circuit. It was twenty minutes to seven, at last he would start. The pounding under his vest sounded like thunder. His knees quivered slightly. There was the house only two blocks away; there was his girl, he could see her shadow thru' the curtain, and there was his heart. Slowly, stately, with head erect, he marched forward like a martyr, one hand at his neck, the other at his hat. Ah! almost there; courage now and all will be well. He saw the sidewalk before her door, but what of that, it was too early anyhow, so shoulders back and eyes to the front he stalked past. At the corner he reversed and started back. This time he would surely do it. Again the door appeared; a hitching-post loomed up mystically. It invited him on. Heavily he leaned against its friendly form; put one arm affectionately about its middle; looked accordingly toward a certain upper window, and bestowed upon it a smacking kiss. Then came the calamity—he had to sneeze. He held his jaws; no use, it must come.

"Ka-ka-kachoo-kachoo-whiff-whiff" again and again; whew, he had never made so much noise in all his life. Too late to run, she had heard and there she was coming out of the door.

"Why Mahlon Fairchild, what are you doing hugging that tree? Can't you find anything better than that? What are you doing anyhow?"

"Sneezin," grunted "Tiny" and sheepishly made his apologies.

The show was just grand but somehow "Tiny" and Edna anxiously awaited the finish from the sixth row in the balcony. Perhaps because they seemed to see every one they ever knew staring at them and grimacing in surprise. Perhaps it was only a desire for the moon, the quiet and—oh well, who knows.

At last it was over. No one saw when she said good-night with her own little white hand in his big calloused one. No one saw, when to the melodious groans of a mid-night serenade, he dared the whole world to join in with that bunch of lunatics outside—he "Tiny" Fairchild, had a girl and he didn't care who knew it.

MERVYN HASKELL, '19.

JUST AT SUNSET

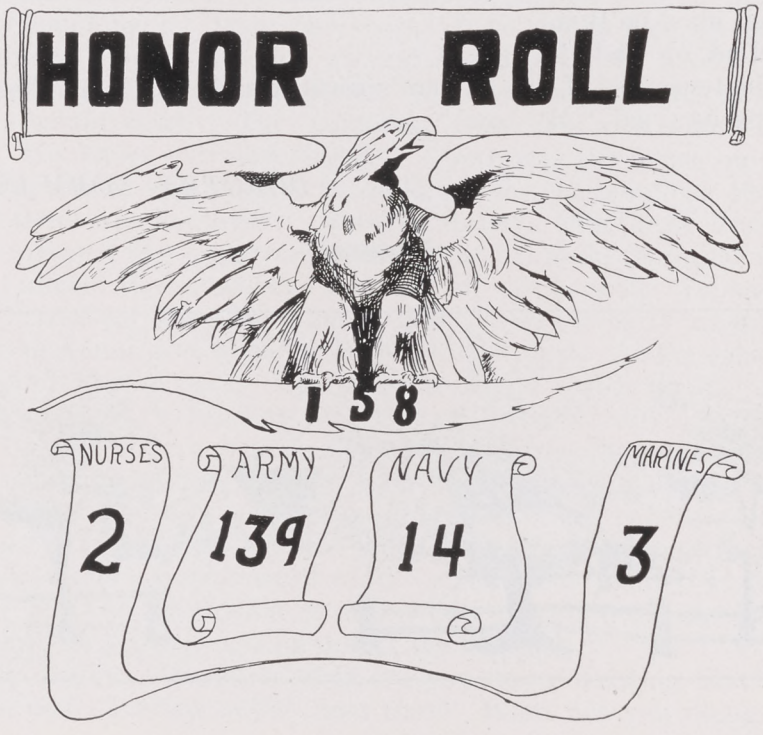
THE sun was sinking behind the hills and the farm was settling down in contentment for the night. The farmer was standing by the pasture bars, looking intently down the winding road that passed the farm. He was stooped with time and toil, but his face had an expectant, hopeful look. Suddenly, after some time of intent watching, he stood more erect, for there, coming along the road with a swinging stride, was a khaki-clad figure. Tensely the farmer watched, yes it is,—it must be Bob.

"Dad, oh Dad!"

The tenseness of the old man's form relaxed and in a voice sobbing with joy he cried, "My boy."

DOROTHY NORMAN, '19.




HONOR ROLL
158
NURSES
2
ARMY
139
NAVY
14
MARINES
3



IN MEMORY OF

EDITH BERGSTROM

God called our comrade. She has gone.
Her song is done, her lips are mute.
Yet of the early-riven lute
The strains, sweet, haunting, still live on;
Each selfless thought, each purpose high—
A note our memories hold dear.
Her quiet power lingers here
In deeds her life was measured by.

DOROTHY MOTT, '19.



Clark Lock T. Binkley—(Treas.)

Meyer Wilson—(Pres.)

CLASS PROPHECY

NOV., 1930! Eleven years since I left dear old P. H. S. Those eleven long years ago I was promised a trip to Switzerland. This promise was made by my dear friend Jessie Filippini, and took place in the Senior English class. We were speaking about the Oberammergau Passion Play. Jessie said she would marry in ten years, I could be the bridesmaid, and she would take me to Switzerland. Her marriage took place to one who, sad but true, was not a member of our class, and the trip which was a very wonderful one has been taken. It is therefore that I have just returned to Petaluma and will proceed to take a look around for my old classmates.

Coming up Washington street from the depot, whom should I see but Mr. William Mendelsohn, Petaluma's greatest criminal lawyer. Mr. Mendelsohn had received his first ideas on this sort of work in Mr. Nyman's History class.

Upon arriving at the corner of Washington and Kentucky streets, I met a small boy carrying newspapers, namely the Petaluma Examiner, a new paper since my residence in Petaluma. Upon purchasing a paper I noticed that the owner of the same was no less than Mr. Philip Ruby. I later learned that it was a very prosperous paper being edited by Miss Ruby Rasmussen. When glancing through the paper I noticed the following article: "Mr. Wayne Park, the famous missionary, started with his wife, nee Lucile Meyer, for darkest Africa yesterday. Miss Dorothea Krauss, the co-worker of Mr. Park, will accompany them and will be of great assistance to our worthy missionary. Miss Krauss will be remembered as having spent several years in Hawaii among the natives where she has done wonders for civilization."

After having sufficiently gotten over this surprise, I proceeded up Kentucky street. But who is this strange looking person coming toward me? Surely it cannot be—yes, it is Rudolph Peters. But what is that queer looking pack on his back? Alas! That of a scissors grinder. I could not refrain from stopping and talking to him for a while, just for old times sake. It seemed as though surprises would never cease, for while conversing with Mr. Peters I was told that Miss Lillian Johnson was leading a group of chorus girls in New York, and that one of the girls was Gladys Thompson.

But I was anxious to know more of these strange happenings, so I hurried on. I was very surprised to see coming toward me, Thelma Mason, for I had been told that she had long ago hurried east in hopes of finding a proper mate for life. But I was soon informed that having been unsuccessful she had returned to Petaluma and had started a boarding house for old maids. Among those staying with her are Esther

Sorensen, Eugenia Giraud, and Edna Flohr. She also informed me that she had just learned that Miss Roberta Carter and Miss Dorothy Mott, the famous suffrage leaders who went to South America to instill in the hearts of the women there, "the first principals of life, woman's superiority to man," have returned to the United States and opened an "Old Man's Home" in Henpeckum, Texas.

A little later on, happening to pass one of Petaluma's billboards, I noticed the following poster:

Coming next week to "The Hill'
The Famous *Wilson* Orchestra
Vocalists
Marjorie Haskins, Soprano
and
Leon Mason, Mezzo Basso

Being rather fatigued from the day's exercises I wended my way to the New Petaluma Hotel, which I discovered was being managed by Howard Kalish who amused his guests by drawing cartoons of all present and also those not present. Upon entering, I recognized one member of the group surrounding Mr. Kalish, to be Miss Dorothy Sales. She was, she told me, selling life insurance policies and was meeting with great success. While telling each other everything that we knew about everybody whom we knew, she asked me if I had heard about the accident of a few days before. Upon telling her that I had not, she told me that as firechief, Lyman Clark hurried to the scene of a fire at Miss Emeline Martin's Beauty Shop, in his new Buick, recently purchased by the city from the "W. King Auto Agency," he struck Herbert Smith, a well-known minister of this city. Mr. Smith was at once rushed to the "Grace Pieper Hospital," where Dr. Leon Reynaud was in charge. She also told me that Miss Pieper and Mr. Reynaud had been married, but since the hospital was doing so nicely under the old name that it was decided to leave it unchanged.

Still having with me the newspaper purchased a few hours before I again glanced through its columns to see what further news it contained. There I noticed that Miss Pearle Leonard, interpreter to the President of Mexico, was here visiting her parents. This high position was awarded to Miss Leonard for her very remarkable work in the Spanish class in High School.

Miss Sales and I, both wishing to know more of our classmates, decided to further tour the town. Arriving at the entrance of a photograph studio, once having above its door the name Salb, now changed to A. Van Bebber, we stopped to notice the pictures on exhibition. There, who's picture should we see but that of Miss Gladys Kenney and Roy Penry both in the costume of Hawaii. We later learned that

Miss Kenney, accompanied by Mr. Penry, had won her fame as a Hula Hula dancer, on all of the large stages of the United States.

But whose picture it this? Ah! it is that of Grace Goodwin. But who is her partner? I will cease to ponder over his name for he is not a member of our class. And who are the attendants? They are none other than Dorothy Norman and Lawler Drees. I later learned that Miss Norman is successfully managing a five-hundred acre farm, assisted by Lawler Drees. Among her workers are Walter Hagedohn and David Burbank. Those attending to the cooking for the laborers are Marie Thomas, Martha Teach and Evelyn Abraham.

But I must hurry on my way for evening is drawing near. But who is this approaching with a smile of greeting on her face? It is Leila Lock and she tells me that she is now residing in Richmond where she is performing all of the duties of the housewife. From her I also learn that Dorothy Clark is teaching in the public schools of this city, and that Amy Church is acting as nurse in the dental office of Dr. Donald Sinclair. Also, that since his practice is so large he was obliged to engage a bookkeeper, which position is being filled by Miss Gladys McIntire.

Thinking I had heard from all of the members of my class, I turned to retrace my steps towards the hotel. But there, passing me in a machine, were three other members of the class of 1919. Darrell Drees acting as chaffeur, for Miss Catherine Nielsen and Miss Marie Dittman. As I knew that the Misses Neilsen and Dittman were members of the United States Senate, just home for a short time, I realized the cause of their haughty demeanor as they passed by insignificant me.

ESTHER GEKKELER, '19.




Boy's Gym.-o
When Charlie fell (in love??)
Girl's Again.
We're off (???)
Oh My!!
Giddap!-Whoa!-Back!!
Lovable Seniors.
'Ray!! for Miss G.
Girl's Gym.
Mama's Lambs
More Boy's

ATHLETICS

TENNIS

AS soon as the spring weather permitted, the tennis sharks started out to warm up their rackets. Interest grew right from the start and several new fellows came out and tried their hand at "tennis courting." It was only made possible for the team to get such fine practice by the kindness of the owners of the Hill court, and we wish to thank the owners, right here, for their generosity to us.

Our first tournament, and a league one at that, took place on the Hill court on April 4—Petaluma vs. Healdsburg. Petaluma won both the singles, making it unnecessary to play the doubles. The line-ups were: Healdsburg, Gordan Lantz and Lauran Miller; Petaluma, Walter Hagedohm and Leon Reynaud.

Our first league game was scheduled against Tomales but they forfeited it to us so this makes it the second tournament to our credit.

Friday, April 11. We played our next tournament, which was with Santa Rosa, on the Hill Court. Owing to the fact that the S. R. players were not qualified according to the league qualifications this game was forfeited to us. Nevertheless we played them. L. Reynaud and W. Hagedohm represented us against Wright and Long of S. R. Reynaud won his singles. The score was: Reynaud 7-9, 6-3, Wright 6-3. Hagedohm lost to Long, the score being 6-4, 6-1. Santa Rosa won the doubles: 6-1, 6-1, and 6-0.

The next league tournament was played against Analy on their courts. Reynaud beat Ross 8-6, 6-1, and Horn beat Nolan 6-1, 7-5. Nolan got one set 6-1. So far we have all the tournaments to our favor. This one was especially good and hard fought for, three sets being played in each of the singles. Analy played a clean and fast game.

On April 25, we met our next opponent, Sonoma, on their courts. We also came back home with another victory in our treasury. It was a hard fought tournament and things looked kind of dark for us more than once. Horn played Cornwall first and lost, the score being 6-2, 8-6. C. Neilson played Cameron and won 6-3, 6-1. The same played in the doubles. The score of the doubles was: Petaluma 7-5, 6-3, 6-4; Sonoma 6-1.

D. Burbank H. Burbank Chandler Reynaud



Holman Haderman Heyward Hagedohm Arfsten
Skilling Staton Smith
D. Burbank H. Burbank Chandler Reynaud

BASEBALL

AFTER being postponed several times, due to weather conditions, the interclass baseball finally started, on March 20. The first game was played between the sophomores and freshmen. It was a close game. The score being 10 to 11 in the freshmen's favor. The batteries were: Freshmen, Arfsten and Haderman; Sophomores, Pearson and Holman. The remaining games are yet to be played at the time of writing.

The first team got one practice game with Analy on March 17th, before our league schedule commenced. It took place on our diamond. It was a fairly good game and held interest 'till the last out. Petaluma finally won with a score of 8 to 2. Although it was our first game and we were out of practice, P. H. S. is encouraged by this first victory and is going to put out a winning team.

The fellows turned out beforehand and cut the grass on the diamond so it was in "A number one" condition. The line-ups were:

PETALUMA		ANALY
Hagedohm	catcher	Bulletti
Arfsten	pitcher	Roulet
Reynaud	1st base	Winkler
Smith	2nd base	Baker
Heyward	3rd base	Edgerton
Chandler	short	Busher
Holman	l. f.	Raicheroitch
H. Burbank	r. f.	Berkholder
Skilling	c. f.	Williamson

The first league game was played between Healdsburg and P. H. S. on April 4th on our diamond. We won with a score of 19 to 0.

This is the second league game to our credit, Tomales forfeiting theirs.

Our second league game was played on April 10, with Santa Rosa on our diamond, and it was the best game of the season, so far. Santa Rosa had a fast team and they were full of pep, so it kept our boys hopping to beat them. They started out with one run the first inning. We succeeded in getting one in the second; in the third, they again took the lead but P. H. S. followed them right up until the final score was seven to five in our favor. The batteries were:—

Santa Rosa:	(Pitcher)	Near
	(Catcher)	Dearing
Petaluma:	(Pitcher)	Arfsten
	(Catcher)	Hagedohm

Monday, April 21, we gained our third victory for the season, by beating Analy. The game was played on Analy's diamond. It was a close game as ten (10) innings had to be played. At the beginning of the ninth, the score was six to one in our favor. Analy gained five runs in that inning, making the score six apiece. In the tenth, Haderman knocked a two-bagger bringing in two other men and later got in himself, making the final score nine to six.

Sonoma was our next opponent, whom we met on our diamond, April 26. It was by far the fastest game of the season, the time being one hour and ten minutes. Petaluma added another victory to her record. The score being one to nothing. The game came during our Easter vacation, and although we only had 24 hours' notice of the date of the game the bleachers were full of rooters. Haderman pitched the entire game and struck out eleven fellows. Sonoma scored only two hits. Hagedohm caught as usual. Arfsten, our usual pitcher, played third. The batteries for Sonoma were:

Pitcher ..... Schnell
Catcher ..... Chauvet

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

THE boys' physical culture this year has been led under Mr. Binkley, the girls under Miss Pfund. Soon after the bleachers were built showers were built underneath them equipped with hot and cold water for the boys. This was a great improvement and added new interest to physical training. As soon as the weather permitted us to go outside to exercise, we did so. Two days a week were given for track, the remaining three for baseball for a while. Later on Mr. Binkley allowed each one to choose his sport which made it better still.

On rainy days Mr. Binkley appointed boys who led the various classes in setting up exercises in our gym. We also played games inside, and had hygiene. A record of every student's height, weight and lung capacity was taken by Mr. Binkley at different times and a general improvement was noticed.

Girls' physical culture was much the same as the boys'. Showers were installed in the girls' basement soon after the boys' were finished.

On the nice days the girls always had their part of "our back yard" in which to play their games, etc. The girl's weight, height, and lung capacity were taken by Miss Pfund.



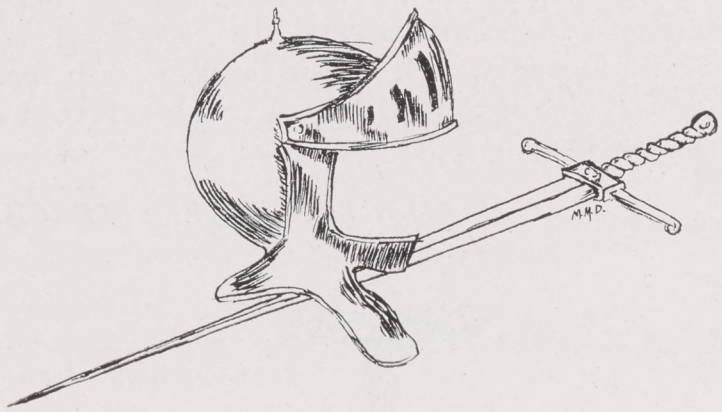
Top — Chandler, Burbank, Hagedohm, Kalish, Van Bebber, Heyward, Haskell, Arfsten, King, Burbank, Reynaud.
Center — Squires, Neilson, Stumbaugh, Horn, Hopkins, Donough, Penry, Cameron.
Bottom — Dinic, Skilling, Smith, Ruby, Martinelli, Dinic, Schwobeda.

TRACK

THE fall term was broken into this year twice on account of the "flu". This made it a bad term for athletics. However, we had our interclass track meet on October 9-10-11 and it was full of pep from beginning to end. The different events were run off on the three successive afternoons. Our track was in fine condition, having been previously graded and rolled. It was the first time our new bleachers were used and they were crowded by those who were not in the events of the day.

The score kept it interesting to the end. The Seniors made first place with 58 points. The Juniors came second with 48 points, followed by the Sophomores and Freshmen in the order named.

Fine material turned out and we have lots of it. P. H. S. looks forth to a prosperous spring season in track. The spring league meet is to be held on the high school grounds. A dual meet also is to take place here before we have "the big time."



Center — Squires, Neilson, Stumbaugh, Horn, Hopkins, Donough, Penry, Cameron.
Bottom — Dinic, Skilling, Smith, Ruby, Martinelli, Dinic, Schwobeda.

COMMERCIAL

SINCE the war, the demand for practical business men and women along the commercial line has steadily increased. Commercial work is now ranking among the first in high school subjects. The commercial work is now being taken by a majority of the students who are studying the regular high school course.

Shorthand and Bookkeeping are being studied with much enthusiasm, and seem to have a certain fascination for many students. There are many fine points to be studied and practiced in shorthand and typewriting.

Skillfulness, accuracy, the ability to think and act quickly are the necessary foundations for shorthand and typewriting. Absolute accuracy in the smallest detail is the keynote to successful bookkeeping.

The commercial subjects connected with bookkeeping and shorthand are being carefully selected and arranged so as to give the student all possible commercial advantages.

Each year the Petaluma High School is turning out students well trained and adapted to commercial work. The commercial graduating class of '19 wish to express their sincere thanks to their commercial teachers Mr. Way, Miss Diggs, and Miss Merritt who have given them such valuable assistance.

MARTHA HELENA TEACH, '19.

EXCHANGES

OUR Exchanges this year, while not so numerous as last year, were very interesting, and showed that, despite the prevailing war conditions, school papers had in no degree lessened their former high standards of quality; on the contrary, these papers showed what splendid material our schools can produce under adverse conditions.

It is only thru the school paper that outsiders can get a true view of the school—what it is doing, what kind of spirit it is showing; and it is through the Exchanges that one school learns what other schools are doing; and finds the things whereby it may profit.

Our Exchanges this year showed that the prevailing spirit in all our schools was loyalty to the government — in other words, live, enthusiastic patriotism. Nearly all of the schools, whether large or small, had formed a Junior Red Cross Chapter, which was doing active work; there were live four-minute speakers; they were helping to put the Liberty Loan Drives "over the top," while in every way thrift and economy was being taught and practiced, making one realize afresh what a great factor the public school is in promoting loyalty and patriotism.

Good work was being done along other lines as well—in athletics, and in a literary way, even the small Union High School at Point Arena having an enthusiastic debating team.

Two or three of the Exchanges had carried out the clever idea of placing snapshots of the seniors taken in "every-day life" opposite the graduation cuts. This is a splendid idea, and one sure to be taken up by other papers.

We wish to thank all the schools who sent us Exchanges, whose names we publish below with a few brief comments:

"THE TORCH" — Martinez.

An interesting paper, very good on the whole. A few more cuts and snapshots would add zest.

"TOMAHAWK" — Ferndale.

A very pleasing magazine. Your senior snapshots are a unique idea, while you have a splendid number of snaps and cuts. You have a fine list of Exchanges. Why not comment on them?

"TOKAY" — Lodi.

An excellent edition in every way. Your strong patriotic epirit is felt from cover to cover. Your literary department is unsurpassed by any paper we have seen.

"THE FOG HORN" — Point Arenas.

A very good paper for so small a school. Your josh department is well filled with jokes that are really funny. Your literary department sounded amateurish, however, we would suggest writing stories more applicable to the times.

"THE OWL" — Fresno.

We would like very much to see your Annual. You have a fine monthly, and all indications point to a lively school.

"FAR DARTER" — St. Helena.

An interesting paper manifesting a good school spirit throughout. Your pictures of the various departments are fine.

"AZALEA" — Sebastopol.

A splendid all around magazine with a very pretty cover. Your "Athletics" design is one of the cleverest we have yet seen.

NAPANEE" — Napa.

You have maintained your usual high standard of excellence thruout. Your "Camera Day" was surely worth while, as you have far more snaps than any other of our Exchanges, and moreover, they are all lively and full of "pep", adding much to the interest of your magazine.

In addition to the above, we wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following weeklies, which we were glad of the privilege of looking through:

"U. of R. CAMPUS" — Redlands University.

"THE DAILY PALO ALTO" — Stanford University.

"S. R. H. S. WEEKLY" — Santa Rosa.

"UNIVERSITY FARM AGRICOLA" — Davis.

"THE CALIFORNIA ALUMNI FORTNIGHTLY"—University of California.

PEARLE LEONARD, '19.

WAR ACTIVITIES



RED CROSS

PETALUMA High School is a one-hundred per cent Junior Red Cross institution and we are not only credited with the membership but also with goo hard work. The girls of our Domestic Art classes have spent many hours in making garments for hospitals and refugees and also knitted garments, for the fighting forces. These classes have had the assistance of every girl in high school, who has willingly given up her spare time for this work.

The boys and manual training classes have not only given spare time, but have worked on night shifts to turn out the required work, in bedside tables and other allotments.

While the women of Petaluma were conducting the Red Cross Shop we aided them by carrying on Salvage Drives. The material gathered was sorted and that which could not be sold in the Shop was sold by the school and the money was given to the Red Cross.

The work done by our four-minute speakers was a patriotic duty, which they did loyally and well.

These speakers were boys and girls picked by members of our faculty and sent out to speak on the various drives. They spoke at every district school in the vicinity of Petaluma, sixteen in number, and also spoke at several club meetings and gatherings in Petaluma. They promoted the support of the following drives while they were in progress: Red Cross; Y. M. C. A.; Salvage and Belgian Relief drives, and the Liberty Loan campaigns.

War activities have been carried on by the students with the splendid sentiment that we, the soldiers of the back-line trenches, can not do enough in supporting the boys who left their homes to fight, suffer, and if need be, die to protect us.

GLADYS KENNEY, '19.

SCHOOL NOTES

Petaluma High School raises the dickens,
Petaluma High School raises the chickens.
Cackle, cackle, cackle,
Crow, crow, crow,
Petaluma High School — watch her go!

We're off! A good start, skies clear and
All sails set. Wish us luck!

The Jolly-up begins the year.
And surely it is great,
To treat the little Freshies
To a real good lively fete.

The Freshmen came this year in twos,
Some, in parties of four,
And those who were a trifle scared
Collected a few more.

They made them form a big parade
In honor of Egg Day,
And a march on the piano,
Did the dance musicians play.

Then on the marching freshies came,
As green as they are each year.
And four new teachers in their midst
Did bashfully appear.

Till late the fun and laughter
Echoed through old P. H. S.
And then we helter—skeltered home
To take our evening's rest.

Sept. 30—A very enthusiastic rally was held in our auditorium today. Prof. Binkley, Charles Wilson, and Gladys Kenney gave rousing talks in favor of buying Liberty Bonds. The Student Body purchased two $100 bonds; making $400 worth of bonds purchased by P. H. S.

Are we in it? Well, I guess!
Petaluma High School, P. H. S.

Owing to the fact that a new Jazz Band had been organized, the Juniors and Seniors exhibited a little of their famous "Pep" by giving a Junior-Senior Hop. An enjoyable evening was spent dancing to the music of piano, banjo and traps, dishpans, frying pans, chocolate cans, cow bells, etc. But really that Jazz Band should be encouraged.

If the flu has caused anyone misery it has certainly caused the students of P. H. S. the agonies of their lives. School has been closed off and on from October 18 to January 13 and all in all we have only missed a quarter's work. The Senior's Motto ought to be "Hindered but not stopped." Oh, well, such is the deadly effect of flu.

During one of the periods of temporary existance between spells of the flu, the Seniors, endeavoring to introduce a little pep into the falling spirits of P. H. S., proposed an Odd Sock day for Senior girls and boys.

And Oh! the socks they wore!
The eyes of some of the Junior class
Must have been very sore.
They wore them long, they wore them short.
And colors?—Oh, my!
The colors that the Seniors wore
Would have made art critics sigh.

The boys of course were in the fun,
They couldn't be left behind,
So the Seniors' collars, socks and ties!!
Oh, well, they turned out fine!

Nov. 18—Memorial Day—P. H. S. is not all fun, all pep and foolishness. It has a serious character, too, which was revealed in our simple and beautiful tribute to our Honored Dead. Memorial Day will never be forgotten at P. H. S., for to the three gold stars on our Service Flag, of 158 blue stars, we replaced four more blue ones for those of gold. Eyes grew dim with tears, and hearts beat, not only with sorrow but with pride for our fellow students who gave up their lives for their country and Democracy.

The Student Body did a marvelously good deed in bringing the Red-Path Lyceum Circuit to P. H. S. We have had the pleasure of attending two of the best performances ever given in our auditorium;

that of Montraville Wood and that of Ralph Bingham. We are looking forward to the remaining two concerts with eagerness.

Dec..

The New Freshmen!
Sophs.—"Gosh!"
Juniors—"Good Heavens!"
Seniors—"Oh, My!"

They are such sweet little things, or rather so sweetly "little." They range from eleven years up and from four feet up. And we can't emphasize the "up" much, either.

We gave them a perfectly "spiffy" jolly up and as usual, the Freshmen were given the time of their young lives.

Feb.

The Sophomores entertained the Freshmen, Juniors and Seniors at a delightful dancing party. It was held in the gymnasium, which was prettily decorated with spring blossoms and was a credit to the Sophs.

The Seniors certainly admit that the Sophomores know how to give good times.

The third Red-Path series fulfilled all expectations. It has been very seldom that Petaluma has had the pleasure of hearing a program that could equal the Plymouth Singers.

March.

Well, we have had a vaudeville, or rather two vaudeville shows.

Describe it? Really, we can't! We are even unable to make ourselves believe that it wasn't a dream. But the net proceeds and 1400 people, who saw our show are great factors in urging the belief that the co-operation of students, teachers and talent has sent P. H. S. over the top with flying colors.

Senior Odd Day was a great success. The boys were queer enuf looking in their odd socks, collars, ties, shoes, etc. But the girls — Mon dieu!

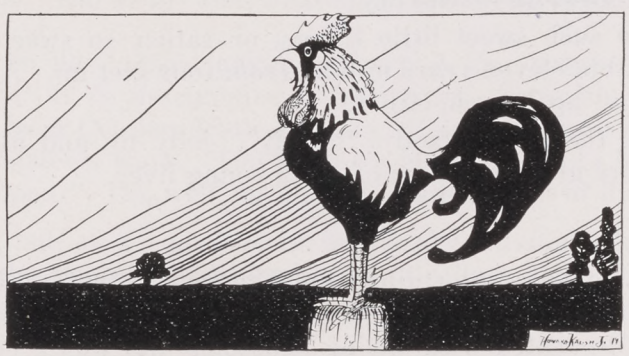
Some made very characteristic "school marms." Some looked as if they had just arrived from the tulip beds of Holland in their clever imitations of little Dutch boys.

Several of the girls were charming Milk Maids and Sis Hopkins and some were "Little Girls."

At the time of writing there are only nine more weeks of school, with promises of many good times before June 20.

GLADYS M. KENNEY, '19.

YE MORNING SQUAWK



R. Pasqualle, Editor

Fido, June 13, 1919. C. O. D.

FELLOW SQUAWKERS—ATTENTION!

We are offering this magnolius and scrumptous edition of the Morning Squawk at 50 degrees below its ginuwine worth. Instead of the regular price of 6 common pins, we are offering it for 3 safety pins. The saving is apparent to every squawker, with its luscious stories, pricely poems, and unhealthy departments. The human bean who does not possess it is S. O. L. Buy your copy early and avoid the rush.

CARD OF THANKS

C. Leonard, well known former editor of the late "Daily Egg" desires to tender his most sincere thanks to friends and subscribers for the sympathy, acts of kindness and floral offerings extended during the sad hours of his late bereavement, the demise of the "Daily Egg."

EDITORIAL

There have been many inquiries of late into the mysterious disappearance of the "Daily Egg." Epicureans from all sides of the globe have demanded to know why this nutritious article has been removed from their menu. In answer to these inquiries and demands we will state in a purely illogical and

simultaneous manner the where and whyfore of its sudden demise.

The first reason should be apparent to all. According to Section No. 3 of the Pure Food and Drugs Act, the "Egg" had outlived its prime and was hastening on to a hale and hearty old age. In plain words it had changed from a decent, law-abiding "Egg' to a bad "Egg," a tough "Egg," a hard boiled "Egg". In order to do justice to our conscience and to the appetites of our readers we felt that we could no longer offer an "Egg" that was 3 years old, to the public as the 'Simon Pure' article.

Again, we have had enough poisonous gases from the chem. lab. this year and enough is sufficient. We feared that if we opened the "Egg" again, the entire school would be asphixiated by its noxious fumes.

Furthermore under the present price of eggs, we would no longer have been able to offer it at the old price of Nix to Nothing, so we tearfully decided to remove it from the face of the earth.

Anon, as the day was drawing to a close, we scrambled the "Egg" and gave it a decent burial in Ash-can Cemetery, where all bad Eggs go. To the last, the "Egg" was full of strength and odor.

As a worthy successor to the "Daily Egg," we have prepared for our readers' consumption, the "Morning Squawk," which is very closely related to the "Egg" and always following it. We are offering it at the same old price, Nix to Nothing—plus the war tax of two (2) safety pins. In our own homely way we are doing our best to further the policy of "Safety First."

——o——

SAVED

The night was dark, the wind was blowing a gale, the rain fell in torrents. Around the corner came a figure, fighting bravely against the storm. Hither and thither he was buffeted by the wind. Struggling gamely he sought the shelter of a door way. Fumbling, he drew from his pocket a handkerchief which he tied mask-like around the lower portion of his face. Drawing his rain soaked coat closer, he again faced the blast. On, on, he went, and reached a certain house. With stealthy footsteps he entered, walking softly; he turned on his flash light and faced the mirror pulling down the handkerchief, and lo!—his mustache was still there. "Thank Heaven" gasped H.H.K.

——o——

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

She laid the still white form beside those which had gone before; no sob, no sigh forced its way from her heart, throbbing as though it would break. Suddenly a cry shattered the stillness of the place — one single heart breaking shriek; then silence, another cry, then quiet except for a gutteral murmur which seemed to well up from the very gates of her soul. Then she left the place. She would lay another egg on the morrow.

Editorial Note—We print this awe-inspiring penlogg by special request.

CUPID'S CUISINE

Souffle—A frothy, sweet, light as nothing, compound of soft words, and honeyed kisses mixed by moonlight and served by two.

Frosting—A cold, white covering composed of kind words and farewell hand shakes spread upon a cake that has suddenly become all dough.

Roast—Take a bit of jealousy, let it simmer for two or three days, then beat it suddenly with a hot word until it turns brown.

Stew—Occasioned by a fiance or fiancee being found tete-tete with a supposedly discarded sweetheart.

Goulash—An old bean's dish composed of remnants of various love affairs warmed up and served with a sauce of "Just-as-young-as-I-used-to-be."

Hash—Trifling hand squeezes, vagrant smiles, and misinterpreted words with bits of love between the lines from formal letters, all chopped together, and baked dry.

Tart—Accidulated affection served on crusty words.

Ginger Snaps—A red-headed girl catching her beau kissing a meek blonde.

Broil—Marrying for money.

Doughnut — A flirtation with nothing in it.

——o——

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

The Freshie stares and grins aloud;
The patient Sophomore only dreams,
The Junior folds his hands and waits,
While the Seniors read their final themes.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt come to class on time at least once a week.
2. Thou shalt not flunk in thy lessons more than four days a week.
3. Thou shalt not camouflage thy report cards.
4. Thou shalt behave thyself in the study hall.
5. Ye upper classmen shalt not bother the Freshmen.
6. Thou shalt listen with both ears and eyes to T. Bink. and drink of the wisdom that floweth like water from his lips.
7. Thou shalt not make eyes at the teachers.
8. Thou shall not make use of thy ancient admission checks when thou hast been late.
9. Thou shalt not get thy fellow student into hot water for thine own misdeeds.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's good marks nor copy from his Ex. papers, thou shalt not covet Mule's style of dancing or Mabel's socks. Thou shalt not covet Leon's Mustache or Croupy's feet, and thou shalt not covet Ruby R.'s giddiness nor Leila's giggles.

——o——

LATIN

(*With opologies to Miss Merritt*)

Boyibus huggubus, sweetheart girlorum,
Girlibus likibus, wanti kissorum,
Papibus girlibus veni to parlorum
Kickibus boyibus clear out dorrum.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why did Pauline Bonnel cut Physical Culture on the 11th of March and participate in a debate on the front steps with an unknown human being???

Why does Mr. Painter persist in making eyes at the girls?

What is the cause for the prolonged silence which precedes each Student-Body Meeting?

Who uses the Waste paper basket in the Enterprise Room for Personal letters?????

What is the attraction in San Jose for Wayne Parks and the fellow he kicks around with at P.H.S.?

Why the Editor is never alone in the Enterprise Room while trying to work?

Why the girls must always sit on the left and the boys on the right in the Auditorium?

Why Leila is learning to be a cook?

Why some people think they belong to "the select bunch" in P. H. S.?

How the school is going to get along without us, the Senior Class.

——o——

ODE TO PHYSICS

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
If chemistry don't kill me;
Physics must.

——o——

A SENIOR'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to rest,
For tomorrow's awful test;
If I should die before I wake,
Thank Heaven I'll have no ex.
to take.

NEWS NOTES

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED

At a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Lock on F street, in the grocery store, the engagement of their only daughter, Miss Leila, was announced. The second party (poor fellow) in the case is not known. But that evening the following add appeared in the Argus:

WANTED—A business partner, with a Ford and one diamond ring. Capital on hand, one well filled hope chest. Apply at Grocery Store on F Street.

It has been rumored that Miss Lock's future home is to be in Richmond.

Ruby Rasmussen, otherwise known as Miss Behavior (a shining example of how not to act) is leaving this week-end for Napa.

——o——

THE VAUDEVILLE

1.
Bald Heads
Front row,
Greek dance—
Great show!

2.
Grease paint,
Wobbly scenes,
Amateur
Chorus queens.

3.
Folks laugh
Fit to kill—
P. H. S.
Vaudeville

WANT ADDS

WANTED—A nice blond boy with a nice big machine. Must like dances and church socials.. Miss R. Rasmussen.

WANTED—A beau. Roberta C.

WANTED—A voice two octives lower without squeaks, runs or thrills. L. Mason.

WANTED—A pipe course in exchange for physics. What have you? Physics Class.

WANTED—A job with no work and big pay. Good references. L. Reynaud.

WANTED—A girl. L. Reynaud.

WANTED—One brand new Idea. Editor.

—You read it first in the "Morning Squawk."

—o—

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Several very dull razors. Make good wire cutters. H. H. Kalish, Jr.

FOR SALE—This job cheap. Editor.

FOR SALE—Matrimonial Advice. Miss Lock.

FOR SALE—A Richmond Diamond Ring. Will exchange for something else in cut glass. Miss Lock.

FOR SALE—Rags, bottles, sacks. Cash no object. W. Futterman.

FOR SALE CHEAP—One framed portrait of Petaluma St. Denis. W. Parks.

FOR SALE—One Oldsmobile Six. Hits on three at all hours. Dr. H. Smith, Oakland, Calif.

FOR SALE — Whiskers for hair mattresses. H. Kalish, Jr.

ODDS AND ENDS

FOR RENT—Upper story of my head. Quite a vacancy. W. Beanpole Parks.

LOST—3 good "reps" on Feb. 1, at Unique, somewhere between 9 & 13. Perfectly good reps. L. Reynaud, R. Penry, L. Clark.

LOST—Somewhere between Lover's Lane and the sea of Matrimony, a wife. Editor.

LOST—On the road to Two Rock a large St. Bernard, answers to name of "Daddy." Miss D. Almagoozlum Cole.

WANTED—A device whereby I can chew gum without visible movements. L. Clark.

WANTED—A good ready-made complexion. Ophelia Bonnel.

WANTED—A square meal. Hungry Haskell.

WANTED—A good excuse for staying away on Commencement Day & Night. The Seniors.

WANTED — Experienced gentleman desires position as corset salesman. Apply L. Drees.

WANTED—To hear from some young gentleman, of means, with a machine, who desires company to the Alumni dance. Have tired of Oakland, Buick, Ford, Overland, Dodge, so would desire a Winton, Marmon or Stutz this time. Only best references need apply. Apply J. F. Filippini.

LOST—From Dot Sales' machine; one boy's hat. Owner's name withheld. When machine stopped Andrew up to the curb and the hat was missing. Where it went, we Donough.

PERSONALS

Miss Roberta T. Bara Carter, the popular young debuntante, has written a poem which is calculated to set society thinking. With Miss Carter's permission we print:

THE ONLY WAY

They've asked me for directions
As to how to catch a beau,
But as I've never had one
I'm sure I do not know.

You ought to have a pretty face,—
My instinct tells me that,—
Or, lacking one, you then might wear
A fetching little hat.

Then curl your hair and brush your teeth
Until they're white as snow,
Then when you smile you will beguile
Each He-man that you know.

And when you've got him,—hold him tight
Or else he's like to stray.
Of course, I really do not *know*
But I *guess* that is the way.

A thief recently entered the home of Marjorie Haskins and purloined a mirror and an alarm clock from that young lady's bureau. Marjorie says she doesn't mind the mirror so much, but she *must* get to school on time to maintain her *splendid* record for promptness.

Somebody said that Commodore Squeeks had ambitions toward being Valedictorian. Commodore, we're surprised at you!

The faculty was shocked to discover Dorothea Krauss instructing some freshmen in the intricacies of the hula-hula, just as she did it in Hawaii. Dorothea! Didn't you know that it simply isn't *done* in P. H. S.?

Somebody ,heard Don Sinclair from Lakeville, crabbing because he was so tall. If it were us we'd be glad to be that much further away from Lakeville.

Miss Esther Gekkeler will journey to Afghanistan where she will introduce ballet dancing into the Temple of Mystery and intends to make the Royal Afghan go wild over her form (of dancing).

Mr. Smith is soon to enter the establishment of Rosenbaum, Steinwitch & Co. as a gent's clothing model for the back windows.

Miss E. Martin has been appointed saleswoman of Petaluma district for the Marmon Auto Co. Miss Martin understands George's Marmon perfectly.

Walter Hagedohm failed to catch a rolling pin wielded by his wife (nee Sorensen) and as a result is absent from business for a week or so.

Miss Pearle Leonard is sewing socks for someone and is assisted by Miss Mason. Both of the young ladies are planning a trip to the Pribloff Is. where they intend to demonstrate to the Eskimo women the latest styles in Lingerie.

Lyman Clark, the noted female impersonator, will appear in Petaluma soon. Mr. Clark's newest song hit is "Meet Me at the Clothes Line, Boys, That's Where I Hang Out."

President Wilson, (Charles, not Woodrow) declares his intentions of leading a hermit's life at college next year. All the co-eds have no attractions for Charles—he pines for the "Girl He Leaves Behind Him."

——o——

Terpsichorean Artist to Appear Soon!

Miss M. Dott will soon appear in this city in the new dance "Cleopatra Tripping Thru the Golden Gate."

——o——

Found in Waste Paper Basket.

Dear Erwin:

..... phone ..... dance....
lonesome ..... egg boxes .....
$12.50 per. ..... correspondence
..... meet you
..... Fay and .....
Helen and ..... married .....
..... noon .....

With love and kisses x x x x,
Wayne.

——o——

FRESHMAN'S LAMENT

I think my luck is changing
In cutting up at school;
I cannot even write a note
The teachers are so crool!

And even when I'm good as gold
I have to change my seat,
Because Dear Teacher does not trust
My disposition sweet!

And so, I guess I'll drown myself
In San Francisco Bay,
For tho' I'm good, I get in bad
With Teacher, anyway!

"FLU"

I used to have a little friend,
Most people call her "Flu",
I chanced on her at P. H. S.
All dressed in Sunday best.

She came to spend the night with me,
She said, "Let's play at Chess".
She won! and straight way traitor turned.
Her might I had already learned.

At once she raked and hoed my back
Just like a garden plot;
My head she whirled it like a top
Till I thought it would surely pop.

At last I very angry grew
And whirled her off with force;
But up she got and flew at me
For treating her so disrespectfully.

She said "Your home I'll leave at once
And ne'er again return!"
How glad I was to hear these words
From my unwelcome "fluzy friend"

——o——

LOST—A fair member of the senior class, answers to the name of "Amy." Last seen going down the highway in a Ford. Finder please return to Senior class before June 19th. Information as to whereabouts of D. Burbank also desired.

——o——

DO YOU WANT MUSIC?

We furnish noise for anything—
Dances, Weddings, Funerals, etc.
The Jazz Band
Prof. Louis Ham-el-ton,
Croupy Parks and Dick Cadwell.
Apply Starke's. You know where!

THERE'S A TUNE IN EVERY NAME

Abraham E.—"There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl."

Burbank D.—"Buzzin' Along."

Carter R.—"There's Egypt in Your Dreamy Eyes."

Church, Amy — "A Wonderful Thing Has Come Into My Life."

Clark, Lyman — "Oui, oui, Marie."

Clark, Dorothy—"Smiles."

Dittman, Marie—"Roses at Twilight."

Drees, Darrell—"Rip Van Winkle Slept With One Eye Open."

Drees, Lawler—"Don't You Ever Get Lonely?"

Filippini, Jessie — "When You Come Back" or "Till We Meet Again."

Flohr, Edna—"Where Do We Go From Here?"

Gekkeler, Esther — "Missouri Waltz." (Show Me!)

Giraud, Eugenia — "You Don't Know."

Goodwin, Grace—"They All Love Jack."

Hagedohm, Walter—"Some Sunday Morning."

Haskins, Marjorie—"Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."

Kalish, Howard — "When the Lights are Low."

Kenney, Gladys—"Gee, I Wish I Had a Beau!"

King, Waldemar—"I Hate to Lose You."

Krauss, Dorothea—"They Wear Them Higher in Hawaii."

Leonard, Pearle — "Little Birch Canoe."

Lock, Lelia—We don't know her favorite song but *Si* says: "There's Lots of Bliss in a Stolen Kiss."

Martin, Emmaline—"The Navy Brought Us Over and the Navy Will Take Us Back."

Mason, Leo—"Me-e-o-o-w!"

Mason, Thelma—"Don't Cry Little Girl, Don't Cry."

Mendelson, Wm. — "Oh, You Baby!"

Meyer, Lucille—"I'm So Fickle." (Composer unknown.)

Mott, Dot.—"All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor."

Nielsen, Catherine—"Some Girls Do and Some Girls Don't."

Norman, Dorothy—"For the Red, White and Blue and You."

Penry, Roy — "One Wonderful Night." (In San Jose.)

Park, Wayne—"Oh, Lovely Night" (Also in San Jose.)

Peters, Rudolph—"Pretty Baby!"

Pieper, Grace—"Oh, Frenchy!"

Rasmussen, Ruby—"Waiting at the Church."

Reynaud, Leon—"We Won't Get Home Until Morning."

Ruby, Philip—"Here Come the Dough-Boys."

Sales, Dorothy—"What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?"

Sinclair, Donald—"Long Boy."

Smith, Herb.—"They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me." (????)

Sorensen, Esther—"How Ya Gonna Keep Him Down on the Farm?"

Thomas, Marie — "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry."

Thomson, Gladys—"Some Day, Melinda."

Van Bebber, Alvin—"Some Lonesome Night."
Wilson, Chas.—"There's Only One Girl For Me." (But which one?) (Commercial)
Lillian Johnson—"For Me and My Gal."
Martha Teach—"Over There."
Gladys McIntire—"Aloha, Soldier Boy."

——o——

A GARAGE FULL OF AIR

Rudolph Peters, better known as M. T. Breeze, has started up a garage. The sign which he has hung out is—

"Free Air! Gas at All Hours!"

It is hinted that Roy Penry aspires to the position of station agent at the N. W. P. depot. Mr. Penry declines to give any definite information but he continues to haunt the depot during the week ends.

TONIGHT ONLY

COMMODORE SQUEAK MASON

THE CELEBRATED BASSANO

In "Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines"
At the BEEF STEAK Theater
Music by Squeal & Squealer

Admission : : One Kopeck

Parley-Voooo Francais?

French Lessons Handed Our by

M. Herbie Smith, D. D. D.
Assisted by
Alfred L. Reynaud

13 Frog Leg Ave.

Office Hours 9:9.30 A. M.

OUR QUESTION BOX

(Only questions productive of public good will be answered.)

Dear Editor: "Why do girls try to keep their faces clean by covering up the dirt with face powder?" Mr. Painter.

Answer: Owing to the fact that we hold down a position with the Clark Drug Co. we cannot give an unbiased opinion, but we recommend you in good faith to the Golden Eagle Flour Mills. The Editor.

Dear Editor: "If Elrose Beggs will Roberta Carter?" Weakly Reader.

Answer: We cannot and will not waste space and time in this important issue of the Squawk in preparing for the consumption of such a small morsel of reality circumscribed by such an enormous quantity of oratorical and heterogenious sonority in a sea of verbal profundity. Yours with relief, The Editor.

To Editor: "If Waldemar is King, who is Queen?"

Answer: Our time is valuable. See Oletta Cock our Matrimonial Bureau. The Editor.

Sweet Editor. "Could we trouble your fevered brow with this one? If Dorothy Sales will Evelyn Chase?" Anarchy.

Answer: !!!!!!!*???*—*?!!!*—* We're plumb tired of this 'yere kiddin'.

Dear Editor: "Why does a hen lay an egg?" Ima Bonehead.

Answer. Dear Ima, have you ever heard of the law of gravity? The Editor.

Dear Editor: "What was the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel?' " Iza Nut.

Answer: We are not absolutely certain but we think it turned out to be a wood pecker. The Editor.

Dear Editor: "Please tell me how I can acquire a permanent wave in my hair?" Ruby Rasmussen.

Answer: We understand Dorothy Sales gets hers at 5c per inch. You might ask her for particulars. The Editor.

My Darling Editor: "Will you be so sweet as to tell me where Mrs. Earl Jameson No. 1, alias G. Goodwin, and Mrs. Earl Jameson No. 2, alias G. Pieper, got their navy ties and ensignia?" Roberta Carter.

Answer: Sweet adenoid, we do not answer ambigious questions. Glub! Glub! The Editor.

Dear Editor: "I have found a loose boy wandering near Petaluma River who attempted suicide. What shall I do with him?" M. Teach.

Answers: It is probably Peters, the demented Dutchman who has gone insane from unquieted love for the daughter of a prominent Petaluma attorney. Perhaps if you could Teach him to Dodge the mires (Meyers) he would learn to love you. Yours truly. The Editor.

Dear Ed.: "One night as I was going home alone from church a man followed me. Can you tell me what to do?" Edna Flohr.

Answer: My name is not Ed., dear Edna, it is Lyman. We are sorry that you missed such a splendid opportunity for a beau. Next time we would advise you to use a lasso. The Editor.

Dear Nig.: "I have found a beautiful girl. What shall I do with her?" L. Reynaud.

Answer: Dear Frenchie: Realizing your inexperience and lack of culture and tact in the handling of women we would recommend that you turn her over to us. The Editor.

SPECIAL ATTRACTION THIS WEEK ONLY

CYCLONE KALISH and HONOLULU KENNEY

THE NOTED DANCERS

Will Appear For ONE DAY ONLY

SEE KALISH in the Cloud of Dust.
KENNEY in the Milkmaid's Nightmare on Waikiki.

A FREAK OF NATURE!

Composer—*J. F. FILIPPINI*

(Made up of the names of songs from beginning to end.)

"Somewhere in France." "Darling Mabel"—

We're going "Home Again" "To America". "I'm Going Back to California" and "My Sweetheart." "There's a Long, Long Trail" to "The Road to Home Sweet Home" but "The Navy Brought us Over and the Navy Will Take Us Back."

I'll be "In the Land of Beginning Again," "Sometime" "When Dreams Come True" Where I can see "The Sunshine of Your Smile." "A Wonderful Thing Has Come Into My Life." I can see "The Little Grey Home in the West," "For the Two of Us," so you must "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "Smile, Smile, Smile," "Till We Meet Again" as "You're in Style When You're Wearing a Smile."

"I'm Sorry I Made You Cry," when I said, "If I'm Not At the Roll Call," but "Don't Cry Little Girl, Don't Cry,,—its "All in a Life Time" and "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder," so "When We Two Parted," altho "I Can't See the Good In Good-Bye," and I said "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France," "Au Revoir" and left for "No Man's Land" I tried to remember "Just You" and "Smiles."

"The Roses of Lorraine" are "Absolutely Wonderful." The boys say, "Oh, Frenchy," see "My Belgian Rose," "Over Yonder Where the Lilies Grow," and she says, "Keep Your Head Down Fritzie Boy" "It's a Long Way to Dear Old Broadway," so just "Give Me All of You," as "You'll Find Old Dixieland in France." But for me "Evening Brings Rest and You," when I "Wait Till the Great Day Comes" with your "Rainbow From the U. S. A."

"Sooner or Later" "I'll be Homeward Bound" "My American Blighty," and altho "You Don't Know" how "I've Got the Blue Ridge Blues" for the "Radiance In Your Eyes," "I Know" you'll "Always" "Wait For Your Honey Boy" — "Your Lad in Khaki."

"I'll Be Back There Some Day" and "I"ll Love You More For Losing You a While." "We'll Build a Rainbow in the Sky," "N Everything!"

I'm tired of "The Rose of No Man's Land." I want "A Little Birch Canoe and You" so be "The Glad Girl" and give me "Kisses," "The Sweetest Kisses of All," "When I Get Back."

So ends "A Perfect Day" with a "Fond Farewell."

"SAMMY LAD"

—o—

THE TOOTHPICK
L. REYNAUD, Prop.
We Roast Our Own Coffee
So Do Others
Try Our New Waffles
Absolutely Indestructible
Not responsible for gum left under tables
23 Gudeats Bullyard


Faculty—
Dorfa
Going Up!(??)
'19—'23
Our Prof.
Rear View.
Mixed(?)
Our Critic
Misplaced!
Analy's Defeet(??)
Senior Odd Sock Day
Freak.
More Freaks.
NIGGer Babies!
Her "sole" is flitting
Anna's Goat.
ANut farm.

SPOOFING



"Croupy" went to the doctor the other day and said,
"Doc. I'm suffering from a tired feeling."
Doc: "Let me see your tongue."

Ed. of Enterprise: "Say, I won't write anything about myself in the Daily Egg."
Ass't Ed.: "Neither will I."
Literary Ed.: "All right we'll all take each other."

Miss Daniel: Matters have come to a strange pass, Mr. Painter has my heart and Mr. Binkley has my bones."

The ten minute warning bell rang to let the gym. classes know it was time to dress.
Chas. Wilson to Jessie F.: "What's that?" (Then suddenly) "Go get dressed!"

Wise one: "Behead a sherbert and what have you?"
Freshie: "I dunno."
Wise one: "Why Anna's husband of course."

Miss Prutzman in Glee Club: "Now when you come to the phrase, 'Let me kiss the staff our flag flies from,' don't hang on to the word kiss as that gives a hissing sound."
Ruby R.: "But, Miss Prutzman, a kiss is so nice to hang onto."

Miss Daniel (in chem.): "I wish you could get more than one idea into your head at once."

Persy S.: "Oh! I can get two."

A. Keyes: "Say, what lines in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice does Toady remind you of?"

Gladys K.: "I dunno."

A. Keyes: "She speaks an infinite deal of nothing. Her reasoning is as two grains of wheat hidden in two bushels of chaff, impossible to find, and worthless when they are found."

Chas. W. (reading Chaucer's prologue): "Did Chaucer make up each word as he went along?"

Miss Prutzman: "Do you make up each word when you write a story?" (Wake up Charles!)

Miss Gaddis: "What was Webster's toast at Jefferson's birthday party?"

R. Penry (waking from his aften-noon slumber): "Toast? I didn't know they had any."

Miss Pfund: "Do we want a French orphan boy or girl?"

A. Keyes: "We want a boy."

Herb. S.: "Nothing doing, we want a good looking girl about nineteen."

Young Wife: "Are my doughnuts as good as your mother's?"

Young Husband: "Yes, the holes are."

—Ex.

Leila L. "I just love to cook."

Merv. H.: "Uh huh."

Leila: "I don't like to cook plain things but I do like to make cakes."

Merv. H.: "I like cakes."

Leila: "Oh! You're just the kind of a man I want."

(We did hear Leila was to be married. Ed.)

Miss Pfund (discussing French grammar): "This sentence is neither definite nor indefinite. What is it?"

Herb. S.: "Neutral."

Assistant Ed. (signing paper for Ed.): What shall I put, assistant or associate?"

Ed.: "Oh, Ass, will be enough."

Dot. S.: "What is your impression of Herbert?"
Ruby R.: "Herbert Horn?"
Dot. S.: "Of course."
Ruby R.: "Oh! he is a slightly damaged angel!"

A. Keyes (fishing for compliments in Glee Club): "Miss Prutzman don't you like girls better than boys?"
Ruby R. & Irma N. (in unison): "Huh! I don't!"

Louis H.: "We just bought a talking machine."
Ruth W.: "That's nothing, I've heard of people marrying them."

Leon R.: "Mr. Painter, are you going to take the physics class through the furnace?"
(Here's hopping he doesn't).

NEWS FROM THE WIRES

Commadore Squeak Mason is reported to have reached "Z" cleft late yesterday in the opera "Squeak and Squawk."



Miss Gaddis in Hist.: "What effect did the railroads have upon the people of the U. S.?"
Leon R.: "Oh! they started running around."

Fred K.: "Ruth, will you share my lot?"
Ruth W.: "No thanks I intend to be cremated."

—Ex

Jessie F.: "It will be only a short time till the suffragettes sweep the country."
Lyman C.: "Gwan, none of them know how to handle a broom."

Leon R. in Study Hall: "Better cut the talking, Miss Gaddis is trying to look thru that book at you."
Howard K.: "Nobody ever saw thru physics yet. I'm safe."

Miss Pilkington: "Thora is Thursday and Freigga is Friday, now, Leonard, what is Saturday?"
Leonard H.: "Pay day!"

—Ex

Miss Diggs: "If a farmer raises 1700 bushels of wheat and sells it for $1.17 per bushel, what will he get?"

Esther G.: "A Ford."

Ruby R. in Hist. IV (one of her brilliant questions): "What is Mistletoe used for?"

Miss Gaddis: "Really, Miss Rasmussen I don't know. Fire wood, I suppose."

A. Keyes: "Have you seen the latest?"

C. Wilson: "No, what is it?"

A. Keyes: "Oh, just Dollie's new hobble skirt."

C. Wilson: "Yes, and it reminds me of a verse in the Bible. It goes like this:

"They toil not; neither do they spin, yet Soloman in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Leila L.: "Oh! I just hate to dress for gym."

Merv. H.: "Jim who?"

Miss Daniel in Chem.: "Lyman, stop chewing gum!" Lyman smiles sweetly.

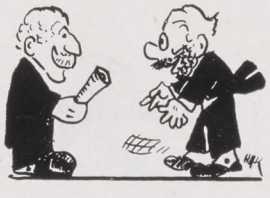
Miss Daniel: "And Lyman stop smiling at me; you've been doing that all morning."



Gladys K.: "Let's all wear white dresses at graduation."

Herb. S.: "And we boys will wear full dress suits and a three-weeks' beard."

(Note) (H. Kalish need not shave till the last week).



Miss Gaddis: "What can you tell me about Henry Clay?"

Park: "Oh! he had a little steamboat."

Peters: "Did he drop it in a well?"

Mr. Painter in Bio.: "Gallstones are like rubies or emeralds, in appearance, when broken open."

Gladys K.: "Gee! I guess I'll get one."

Maxine K. with her mind on two things, a pair of new stockings and borrowing a pencil: "Say, William, may I borrow your socks?"



Miss Gaddis: "How did the Pueblos live?"
Leon R.: "In flats."
Miss Gaddis: "In flats?"
Leon R.: "Yes, in mud flats."

Freshie: "I don't feel well this morning."
Soph.: "Where do you feel worst?"
Freshie: "In school."

Miss Gaddis. "Mr. Park, how did we get East Florida?"
Wayne P.: "I don't know."
Miss Gaddis: "Mr. Peters, do you know?"
Peters: "I'm in the same boat as Park."
Miss Gaddis: "Well both of you had better put on life preservers, as your boat is sinking."

Miss Pfund: "In French a potato is called 'pomme de terre', or the apple of the earth."

R. Penry: "Is a peanut called a nut of the earth?"

Mr. Painter in physics: "How do the primitive people start their fires?"

L. Drees (absent mindedly): "With a little kerosene."



E. Martin: "Oh, William, won't you buy me an ice cream cone?"

Robbie: "Wait, I'll tell you a story that will make your blood run cold. We'll save a dime."

Ruby R.: "Lyman, what court was Marco Polo familiar with?"
Lyman: "Police court, I guess."

Miss Deming in Dom. Science: "Where is the rump Lelia? Can you tell me?"
Lelia. L.: "Let .... me .... see? Ah! yes, it's on the north end."

Mr. Painter was discussing in physics, what it was that made heat rise and also what made balloons rise. A few minutes later Charles Wilson, comtemplating his future presidency of the U. S. said: "What did you say made the moon rise?"

Miss Gaddis to a student who was called out of the room by a young lady: "Try and be back before the end of the period."
Roy Penry to Toady: "Gee! does she think I am going to take her home!"

Miss Gaddis: "Who really started the Boston Massacre?"
Lyman C.: "A little kid hit a fellow on the beak with a snow ball."

Ruby R. and Herbert H. walking up the street one dark night.
Ruby: Have you got your glasses on?"
Herbert: "Yes, have you?"
Ruby: "No, I never wear mine on the street."
Herbert: "I don't either, I wear mine on my nose."

Mr. Painter in Bio.: "Insanity and imbecility are often shown after being dormant for three or four generations."
Bill G.: "I've always had my doubts about Anna's great grandfather."

R. Peters in Com. Dept.: "I've lost my business form."
M. Keegan: "You still have a good shape left!!! (???)

Marj. D.: "Howard, Amy says she adores blue eyes and black hair."
Howard K.: "But my hair's not black."
A. Keyes: "Well, that's all right it suits me."

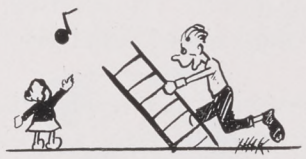
"SINS IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR"

Miss Hesse in Geom.: "Herbert do you know your theorems?"
H. Burbank: "No, Miss Hesse, I haven't did 'em."

Gladys K.: "Some boys simply don't know how to make love!"
Lucille M.: "Then why don't you give them a chance?"

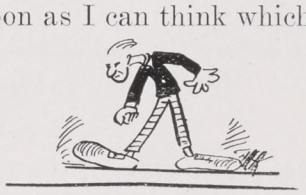
Anna K. in Glee Club: "Miss Prutzman, I can't reach that high note."

Herbert H.: "Oh! Mr. Sunde, please bring a step ladder for Miss Keyes."



Senior to Parks on Odd Sock Day: "Say Croupy, take off one of your shoes."

Parks: "Yeh, as soon as I can think which sock has a hole in it."



Howard K. to Marj. D.: "I can't see why you wear your skirts so short."

Marj. D. (demurely): "Oh! can't you?"

Miss Daniel in chem. explaining a class experiment: "You see I'll take some H2 SO4."

Voice from the rear of room: "That wouldn't be a bad idea."

Miss Prutzman in English: "How did the Jutes discover Britain?"

R. Peters: "Oh! they were out fishing one day and found it."

Miss Gaddis calling the role in Hist. 4: "Carrol Leonard?"

Carroll: "Present." (French)

Miss Gaddis (coldly): "Do you speak English?"

Anna K.: "Ruby I don't see how anyone could fall for you with your hair like that."

Ruby R.: "Never mind, Anna, when he fell I had my hat on."

Roberta Carter to Dot Norman: "Oh! there's my lawyer. You know Charles is going to be a lawyer."

Dot to Chas.: "Oh! Chas. is Roberta to be your first case?"

Mr. Painter in Bio.: "What is the difference between champaigne and wine?"

Herb. B.: "About five dollars."

Miss Gaddis: "Each one bring a question to class for tomorrow's work."

Lyman C.: "Supposing we all bring the same one?"

Miss Gaddis: "Well I'll think you were the instigator."

Mr. Painter: "Well, we won't have any frogs today, Charles is sick."

Anna K.: "Has Chas. got 'em.?"

Mr. Painter: "No! he has indigestion."

Max. K.: (playing soccer): "Ouch!"

Marie T.: "Did you get hit, Max?"

Max: "You bet I did."

Marie: "Where?"

Max: "On the field."

H. Kalish as Miss Hesse was distributing report cards: "I'll bet she has a poor hand."

Today: "Where is the Kaiser at present?"

Roy P.: "I don't know where he is but I know where he's headed for."



Roberta Carter in Hist. IV: "I haven't studied my history since the Revolutionary War began."

Guard: "Who goes there?"

Rookie: "Friend."

Guard: "Advance friend and loan me a franc."

Rookie: "Sorry, old top, but I'm broke."

Guard: "Well, your no friend of mine." (And in a loud voice): "Corporal of the Guard!" —Ex.

Amy: "I can say that word to myself, but not loud."

George: "Then say it to yourself and let us hear it."

R. Peters: "What's the idea of having my name decorating the bulletin board?"

Chas. Wilson: "You're mistaken. I never saw your name decorating anything yet."

R. Peters: "I'm going to work at the show tonight."
D. Daunt: "What are you going to do?"
R. Peters: "Help the operator."
D. Daunt: "Then you'll be head nurse, huh?"

Miss Gaddis: "Where did La Salle travel?"
Parks: "He sailed up the Mississippi River."
Miss Gaddis: "Then where did he go?"
Parks: "To the bottom."

Roberta Carter: "Who was Drake?"
Lyman Clark: "A speed cop."
(Lyman you ought to know. Ed.)



THIS BOOK OR ANY BOOK

There is little books on jest one subjeck
And big books on sevrel, like the dicktionerry,
And a hole lot of different books all at one time,
Is known as a lyberery.

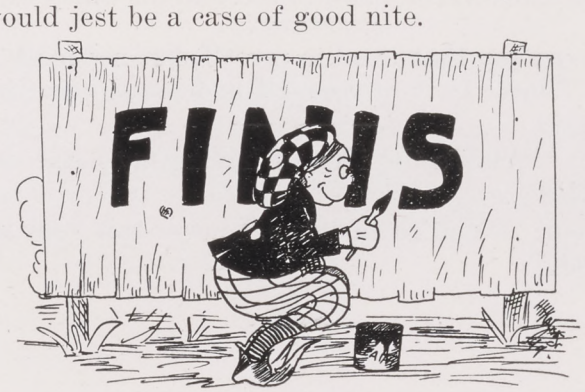
Enybody can set down to rite a boot,
Saying, "I can be a author, I bet,"
But if you come back later to see wat they rote
All they have did was to set.

A good meny authors is alive today
But more than twice as meny have died,
And you can't blame the author if you don't like the cover,
But you can if you don't like the inside.

For tho the covers are very important
To know ware to end and to start,
Everybody who has ever red much
Looks inside for the instrucktive part.

The invention of printing was a great thing for books,
And also the discovery how to rite,
But if nobody had never lernt how to read,
It would jest be a case of good nite.

—Ex.



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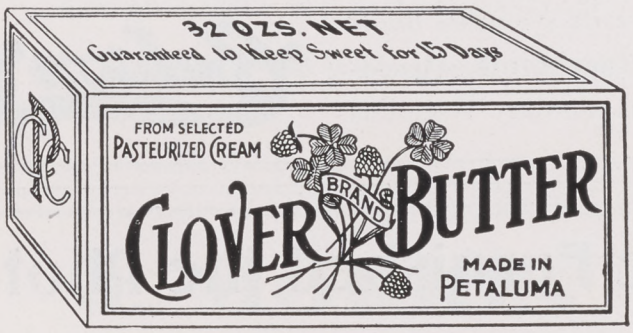
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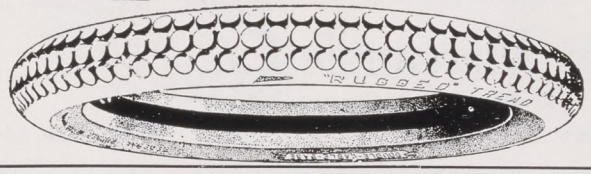
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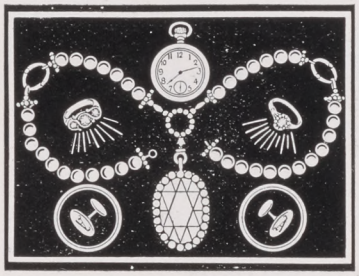
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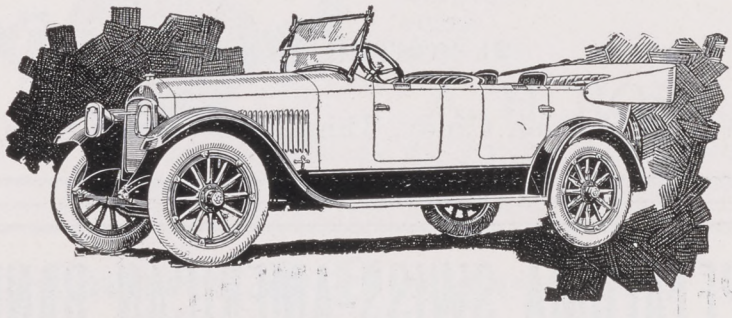
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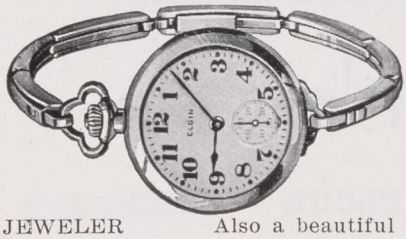
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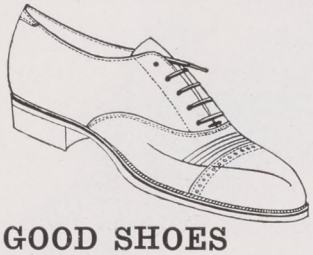
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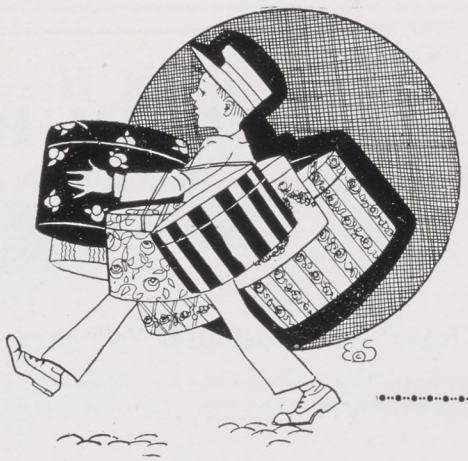
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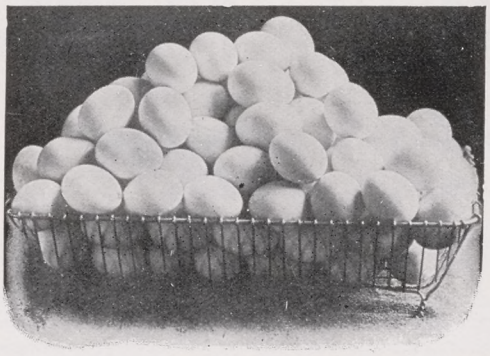
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